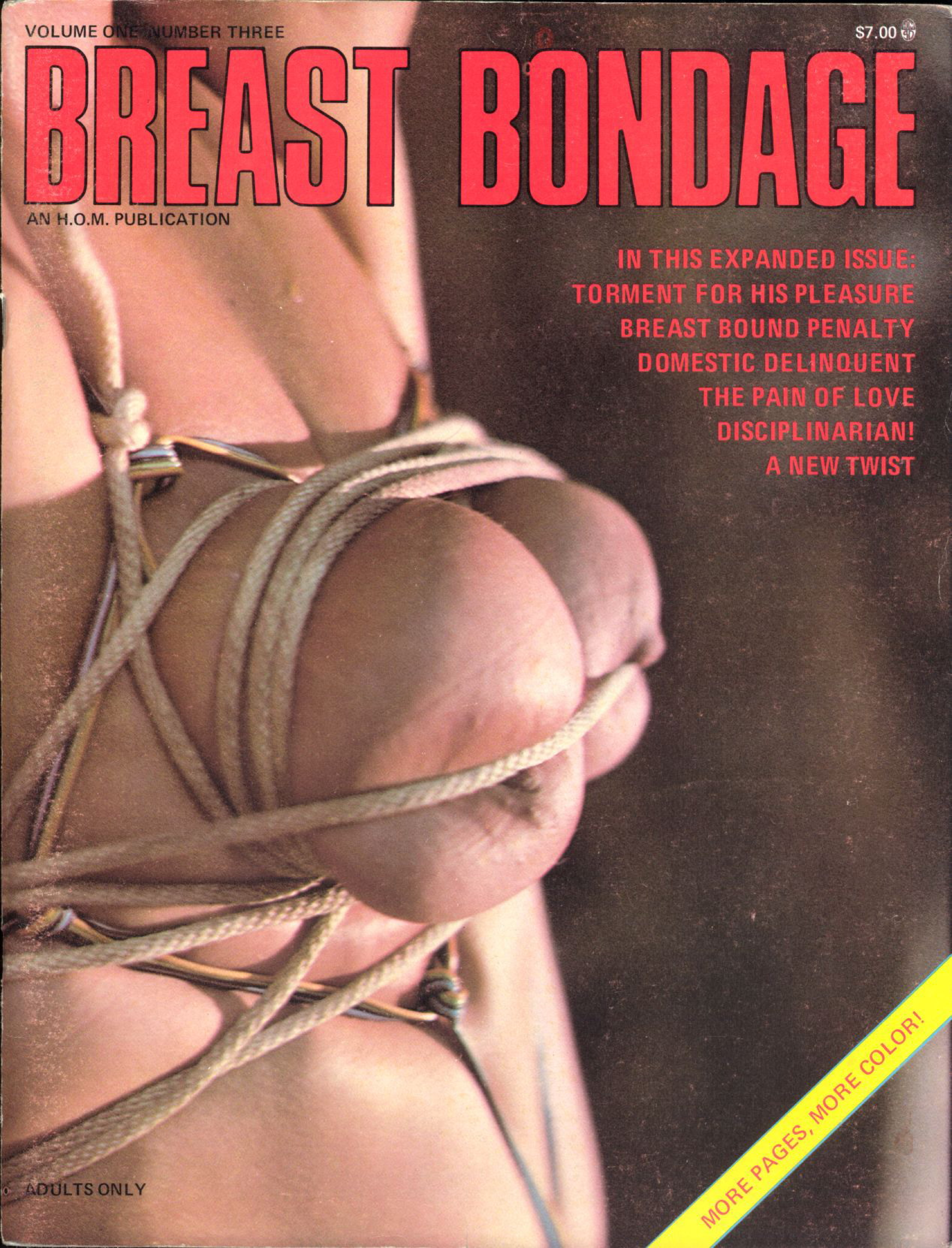
VOLUME ONE NUMBER THREE

$7.00

BREAST BONDAGE

AN H.O.M. PUBLICATION



IN THIS EXPANDED ISSUE:
TORMENT FOR HIS PLEASURE
BREAST BOUND PENALTY
DOMESTIC DELINQUENT
THE PAIN OF LOVE
DISCIPLINARIAN!
A NEW TWIST

MORE PAGES, MORE COLOR!

ADULTS ONLY



RULES of B&D

All games have their rules and the bondage game is no exception. The primary rule is that all people willingly consent to all activities. Without consent it is no longer fun and games, it's assault and rape, something the law has no sense of humor about. Neither do we.

It is important to remember that magazines and films are usually done by experts and often positions shown, drawn or described for their fantasy value may be impossible, too strenuous or even extremely DANGEROUS for the novice to attempt! As an example, some people can easily be bound with their elbows touching each other behind their back, while others may suffer serious injury from that same position. Every body is different in structure, circulation and pain tolerance. Therefore NEVER assume that because a professional can attain a position for our fantasies, it is safe or even possible for you or your slaves.

Avoid positions where someone may be injured if they slip or fall, especially ropes or straps around the neck. Loss of footing in the "arms pulled up behind" position can result in dislocated shoulders! THINK before you act. Carelessness could allow fun and games to turn into lawsuits, a jail sentence or even a human life on your conscience! A WILLING PARTNER IS TOO PRECIOUS TO HURT WITH A THOUGHTLESSLY PLACED ROPE!

Always know your slave's limits and NEVER EXCEED THEM! Use "safe" words that are agreed upon before each session. They allow a partner to stop the proceedings if things are going too far. The two most commonly used of these are "Mercy" and "Mercy Master". If during a session the slave said, "no, please stop, it hurts," the action would continue. If she said, "Mercy Master," the activity in progress would either be reduced or eliminated but the session and mood would continue uninterrupted. "Mercy" means the session is over, stop everything now! Words can also be agreed to meaning 'more,' 'tighter' or 'harder.' If a gag is used, an object being held can be dropped or unreal sounding hums in a pattern can be agreed upon.

Observing these few common-sense rules and using a bit of consideration for the feelings of your partner will lead to a safe and mutually satisfying relationship.



TABLE OF CONTENTS









In their discussion that afternoon Marilyn's Master had called her "M". That was her slave name. She knew what was to come. She was to meet Him at exactly 8 P.M. Then He will hurt her. He said that He would hurt her very much. She was terribly frightened but at the same time there was a warmth building up within her. Something new and exciting. She knew that she would be there and on time. The possibility of not being there didn't even cross her mind. Even a moment of His attention was priceless to her.







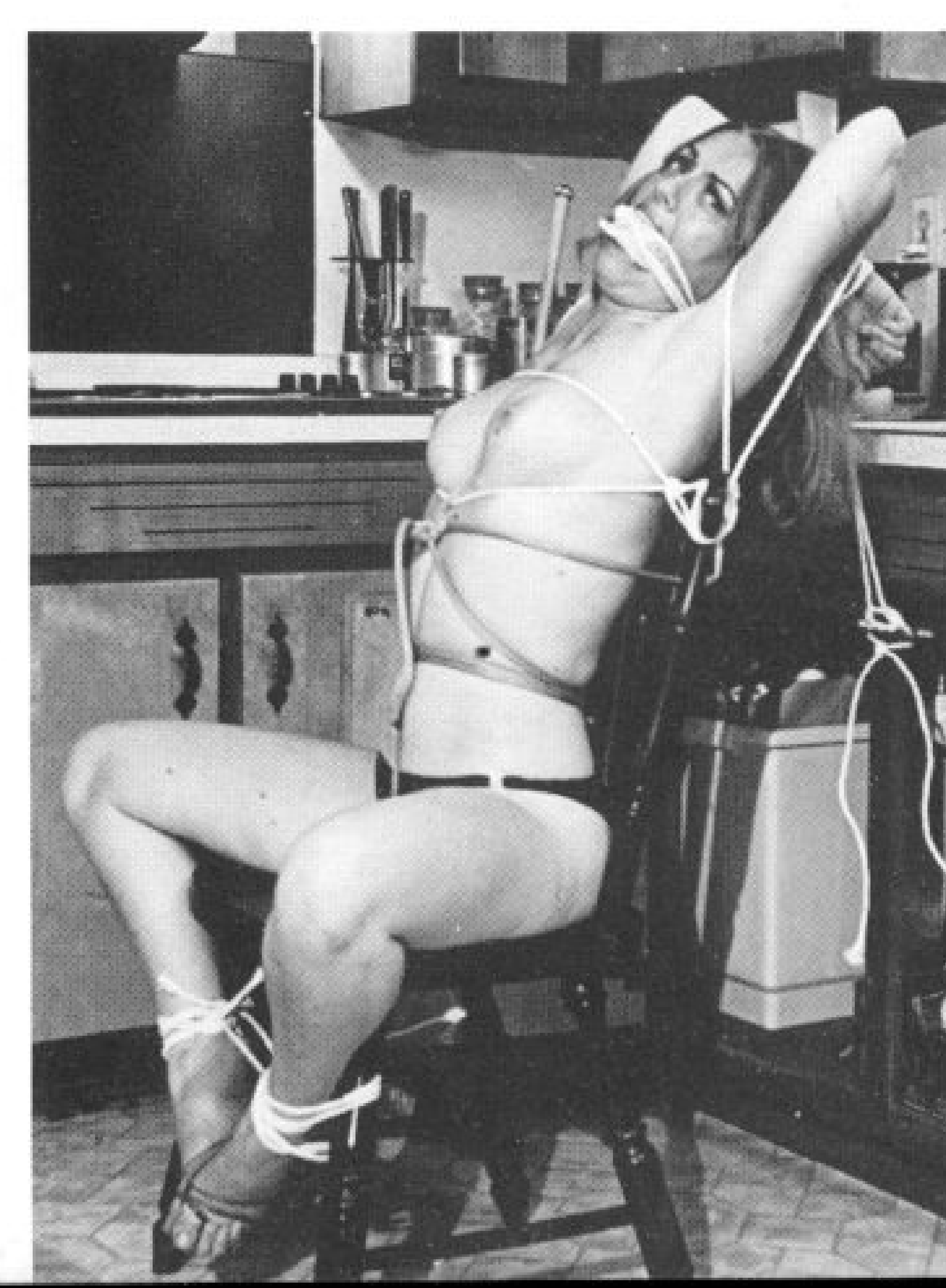




He ordered her to kneel in front of the sink and bound her arms to the cabinet post with wire, then wrapped more of the wire around her ankles. He beat her ass. Not brutally, but enough to let her know that she was in for a heavy session.

With her elbows around a broom behind her back and hands secured together with a hobble in front, it was painful to move. He ordered her to expose her breasts. He said that











He would hurt them too. The movement required to comply caused the rope, pulled tightly into her crotch, to slide. That stimulation, along with the excitement and apprehension of her predicament, set her moistening pussy aflame with heat.

He bound her several different ways, each position had its own particular torment. "M" wanted to be his. She begged him to hurt her, begged for pain. He ordered silence.

The Master bound her breasts tightly with wire. Her rock hard nipples screamed for his caress, for Him to take her body, to satisfy the yearning fire between her thighs. That, she knew, He would not do. Not yet. Maybe if she earned it.

"I'm going to hurt your breasts now," He said. "M" trembled when she saw the nipple clamps. Pinching agony flared through her breasts as he tightened them. She knew that they hurt the most when removed!

"Please make me feel close to you Master." she whispered. "M" wanted His pain, not the pain of those impersonal metal clamps. Her mind was drifting through a far away space as the clamping demons on her breasts gnawed on her senses. When she was almost ready to pass out from the pain, He removed the clamps. Fiery agony lanced through her body. The waves of pain were so intense that she felt as though she had become one with it. "M" was the pain. He was twisting and pinching her tortured nipples!

He said "I want you to cry for me darling."

Tears began to stream down her cheeks. Tears not of pain but of love. "Are you mine, totally mine, body and soul?" He asked.

"Yes Master."

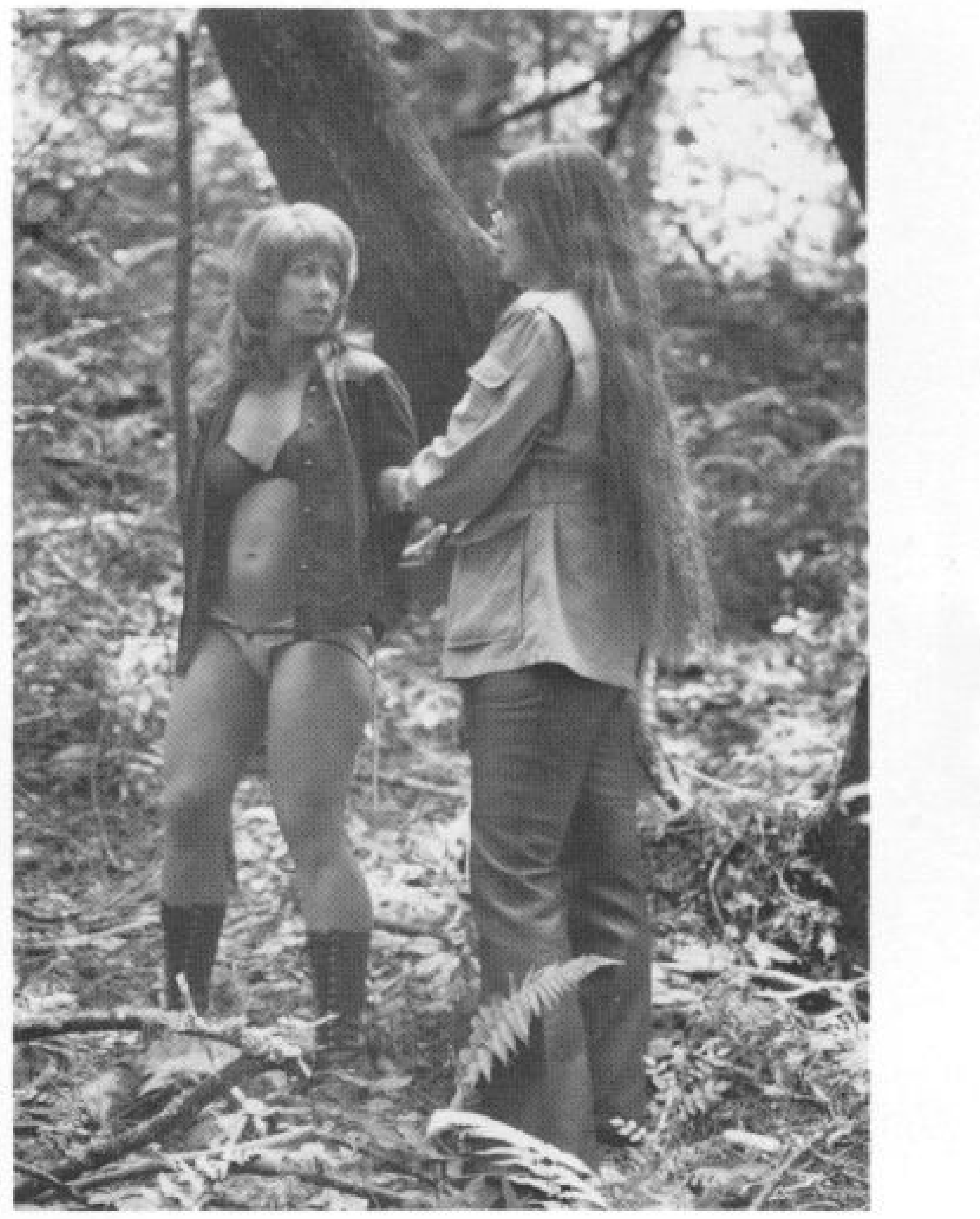
He kissed her tear soaked cheeks, then undid her bonds. As he led her to His bed, Marilyn knew that soon they would be fused together in total ecstasy. She was His!



A FULL HOUR SOUND VIDEOTAPE OF <u>REAL</u> SM PRACTITIONERS! THE ULTIMATE SM EXPERIENCE!

THE STORY OF k.

FILMED ON LOCATION AT THE CHATEAU, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.









This is truly a landmark film destined to become a classic. We are proud to have been involved in its production. All people appearing in this film are into the "scene," not disinterested models. The script, filming, editing and sound required over six months of intensive labor by many talented people but the results are well worth the effort.

"The Story of k." explores the emotions of a young woman led into the world of Dominance and Submission by her lover. She likes the excitement and the intense sensuality of it, and just as much, she likes the undivided attention she gets from her man, focusing on her every response in their SM play.

In the park, Jim and Kathy discuss the scene in "A Clockwork Orange" where the man sticks a ball in the girl's mouth and cuts holes in her suit so her breasts are exposed. Kathy's red jumpsuit is more than just a subtle hint. He gives her a red rubber ball to hold in her hand and tells her that if she wants to stop playing, to drop the ball.

On their next date, he spread-eagles Kathy between trees, then leaves to get his camera. An Amazon woman happens along and kidnaps Kathy, taking her to a strange place and locking her in a cell. She is still



REAL SM ACTION

















clutching the ball tightly. After an interminable imprisonment she is brought into a room and ordered to kneel. Sitting in a great chair before her is Jim! He asks if she still wants to play and she says yes. Kathy enters training.

The film follows Kathy's adventures within the walls, each encounter more exciting and more intense. She learns discipline from Tanya, mistress of the Chateau and plays happily with Sonni, her new found lover, also Jim's slave.

The Master summons her. They discuss her time spent there. Soon he is talking about sending her home. Kathy begs to stay. She wants him to take her deeper into SM space. He says she can stay only if she will be his slave. She agrees and becomes totally submissive to his will. She becomes "k."

She is initiated into slavery with clothespins; mundane objects, yet they can send one into a world of fiery pain. He orders her to count them as they are removed, all 40 of them. They hurt her most when they are removed! The pain is so intense that she lost count. For that she is bound into a swing and thoroughly paddled.

DOMESTIC DELINQUENT



"Oh, George, not in the living room! And the furniture's been moved! I should have known. I wish I'd stayed at Mother's."

"But it's all for you, darling." George sounded solicitous.

"It's for your silly notions about how to treat a wife. That silly goal post thing . . . and that absurd tree trunk! It must weigh a ton!"

"The better to tie you, my dear."

"Look, Geoge, if I let you do this to me this time, can we have a fresh start? You saw this timber up for logs for the fireplace?"

"No promises, Hildy my sweet. Come now, into your uniform."









"Oh damn! And to think I could have married Dennis Whitcomb!"

When Hildy returned with her uniform on, she eyed her husband dubiously. "These gloves are gorgeous. Do I look nice? Where do I start getting tortured?"

"You called it the goal post, pet."

"You must have made this to measure. Does it give you an erection to see me stretched like this?" Hildy writhed against her tied wrists in a pose deliberately provocative.

"Aren't you the one who doesn't like bondage?"

"Alright, smartass! Just because I try to please you . . . "

"You're quite lovely like that. We'll start out with the ball gag. Saves you thinking of acrid things to say."

"Oh damn --"

"Thanks, darling. One tug on a cunt curl and you open your mouth. You're beautiful."

"Glug, glug."

"Yes, I know. You think it a bit early to start in with the ropes. But you should just see! I've managed the loveliest lacing effect from ankle to cunt."

"Glug."







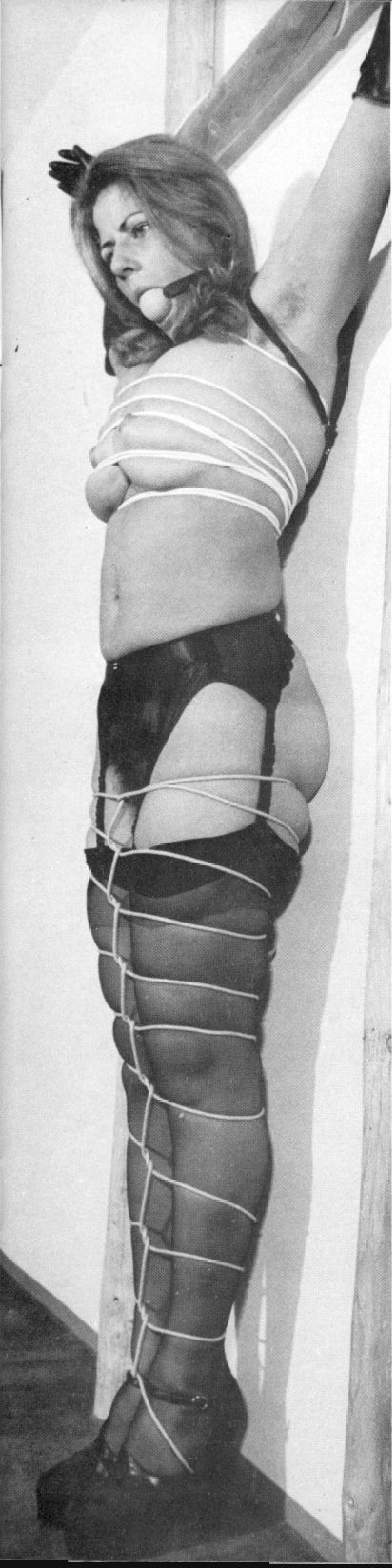




"Of course, dear, your tits. I'd never forget them. I think to start with, 'round and 'round and nice and tight. I can't make you look like a boy, but I can try. I expect it hurts a bit when you breathe. Try and not look so soulful. It's cute the way your tits peep through the cords."

"Glug . . . glug!"

"O.K., O.K., Hildy sweets. You feel I'm not doing you justice. I do agree. Your breasts deserve a bit more prominence. How's this! Not easy, y'know to get the maximum protrusion. I could use another hand. Ah! That's wonderful! I've got your left breast really cooperating now. Can you look down and watch, dear? Look at it


















hardening and swelling out! I've never managed before to get the ropes circling the breast base so well. Before you get them cinched a girl's breasts are a bit elusive – tie them in here and they pop out there sort of thing. But this! It's a work of art. I'm sure it's out far enough for you to get a good look."

"Glug!"

"Of course, dear. You're too relaxed. I do understand. Lifting your hands up behind to the crossbar will do the trick. Makes you look beautifully strained and gets that reproachful look on your face. Hurts a bit too; I'm not surprised. I do believe these straps are best for ankles and knees. I can keep pulling them up another notch any time you manage a bit of slack. I really am pleased with the way things are going today. Both your breasts are perfect – way, way out! I'm sure you must feel proud!"

"Glug."

"Yes, yes, dear. You feel that if I can get the ropes tighter around the base we can get another inch of protrusion. It's not easy, you know, but the results sure justify the trouble. Just feel those boobs! They're like rocks! I do wish you had your hands. And your nips . . . my, oh my! If I tied 'em any tighter they'd pop. You've got a pair of ripe melons, Hildy dear."

"Glug."

"Yes, dear, it's intermission. You go on the post now, a sacrificial maiden bound by wicked redskins. But your breasts have a rest and so do you. You get to kneel instead of stand. And no gag. Aren't I sweet? See if you can hold that pose of suffering while I go out to lunch."



"Well, I'm back, Hildy. Didn't take me long, did it? Pork chops and spinach. You get a drink of water. You also get the other gag, the nice rubber band."

"See here, George, I've had enough. I refuse --"

"Got the combination on your breasts now. Only takes a minute. I think I can get 'em out even better this time. And these straps pulling your hands and arms back! They really do something for you. Honest, Hildy, I'm proud.

"Glug . . . glug!"

"Yes, I know. I've been thinking about











the time too. No official sentencing yet. What do you say to the rest of today and overnight? There's a game over at Hank's. I can think of you kneeling here, soulful and sad a purged of sin – a lovely sentiment. You won't be bored, you'll have your breasts to look at. I might even split my winnings . . .

"Glug!"

"I knew you'd approve. I have to go to work now, but I'll be back after five to give you your drink of water. If your panties are good and wet then I'll know you're happy . . . why are you nodding your head like that, dear?"

"You mean you're happy now!"



She moaned as the binding strands forced a drop of milk from her nipple!

A NEW TWIST

It's not as though my breasts were going anywhere. Clarice had no need to tie them like this. I felt like a horse being saddled. No self respecting horse would put up with what I'm putting up with now. And it's not true what she said about me getting a bit of comfort. I keep trying, a bit of comfort is just what I need.

It's just not real! I don't see how it happened. It was Clarice fumbling at my feet that woke me. By the time I sat up the ropes had been tied tight. Clarice was laughing at the expression on my face "Are you going to fight, honey?" The way she said it she didn't care whether I did or not.

"Ha, ha, very funny." I said. "What do I have to do?"

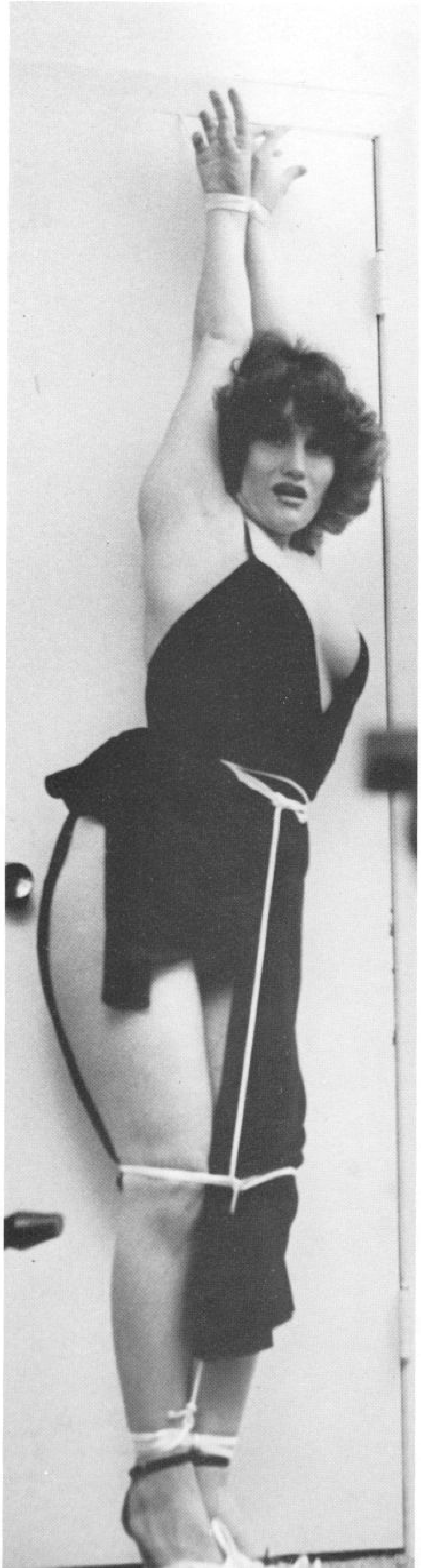
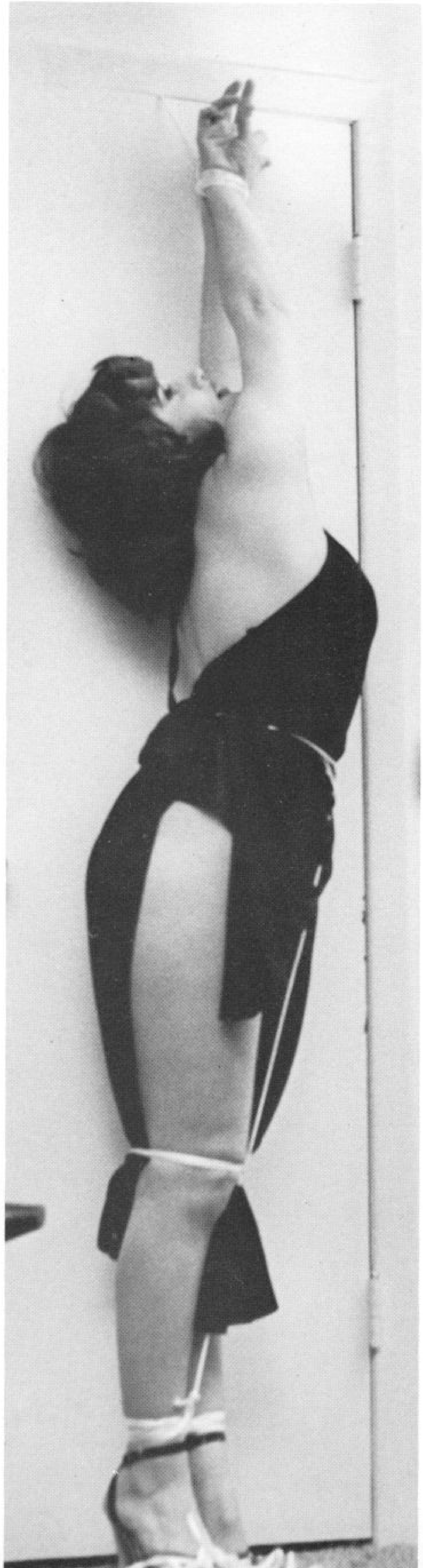
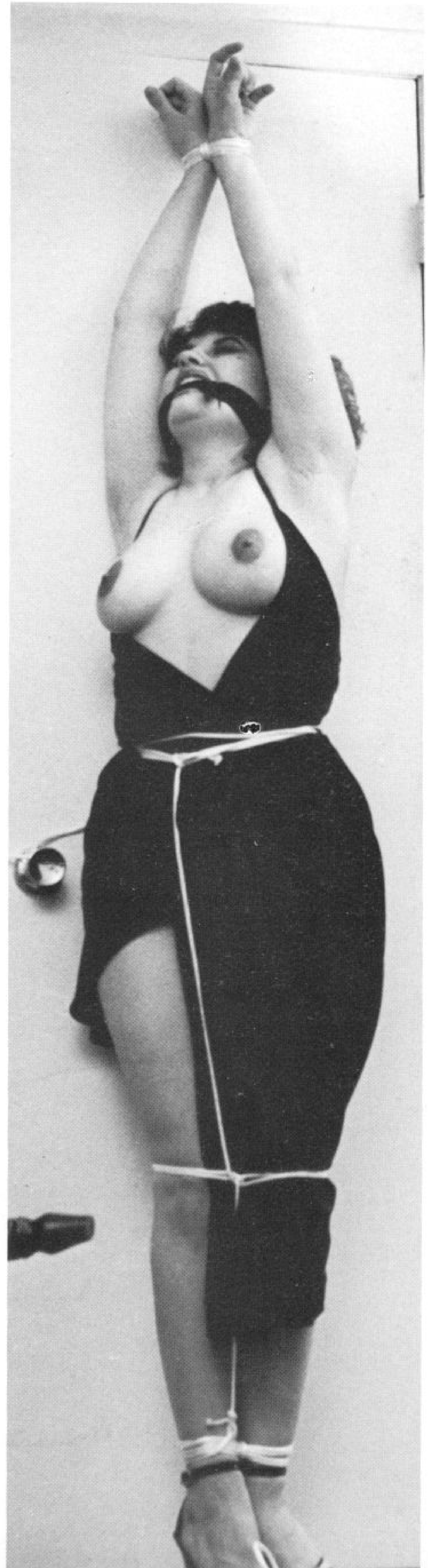
I've never seen Clarice any happier. "Not much, hon'. Just don't make too much fuss when I tie you properly." She saw the question on my face. "I'm taking all our money - yours as well, I'm taking the car, I'm taking the radio and the TV and all your bits and pieces of jewelry. Oh, and the yellow dress . . . mustn't forget that!"

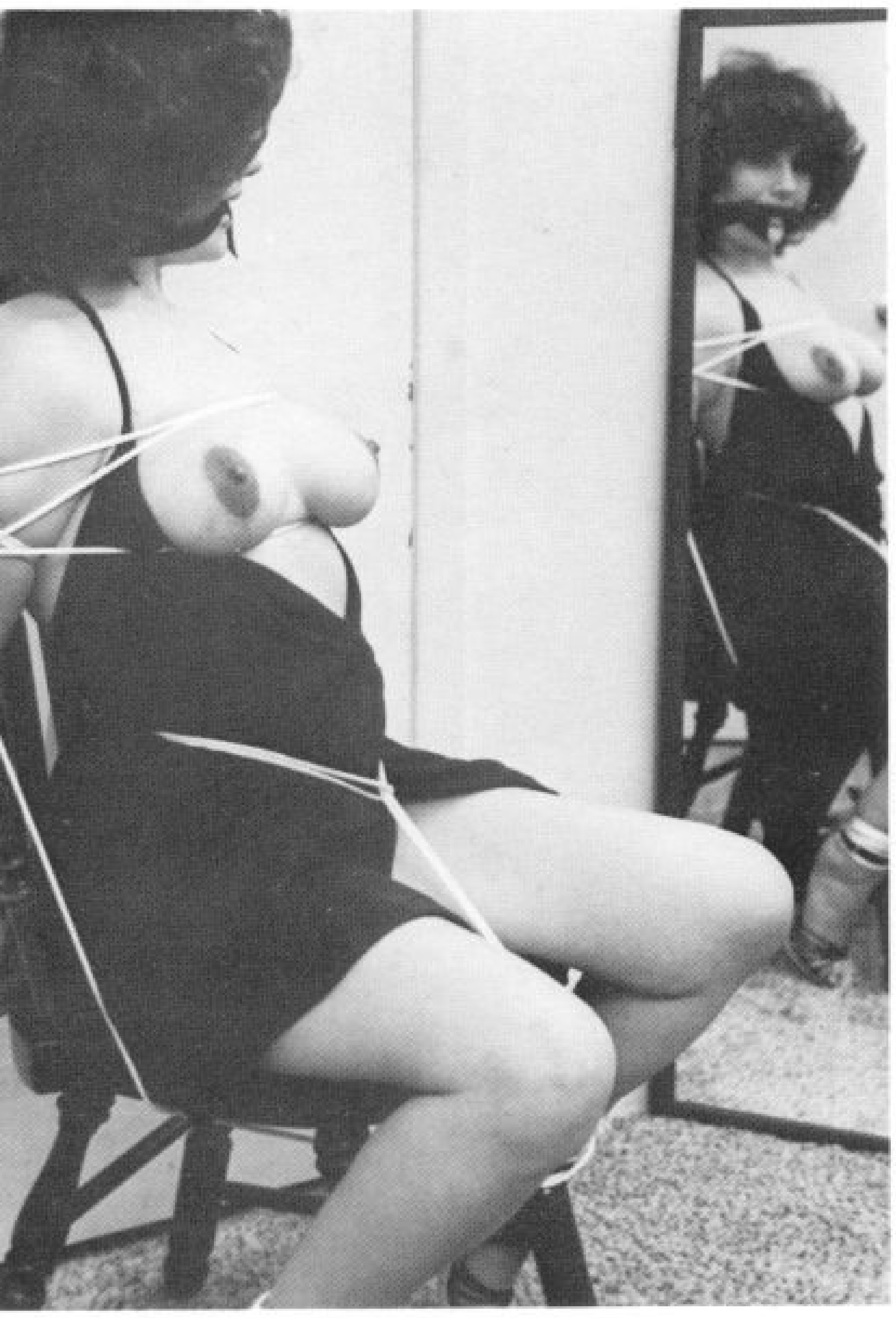
"But why?" I was aghast.

"Because I want to."

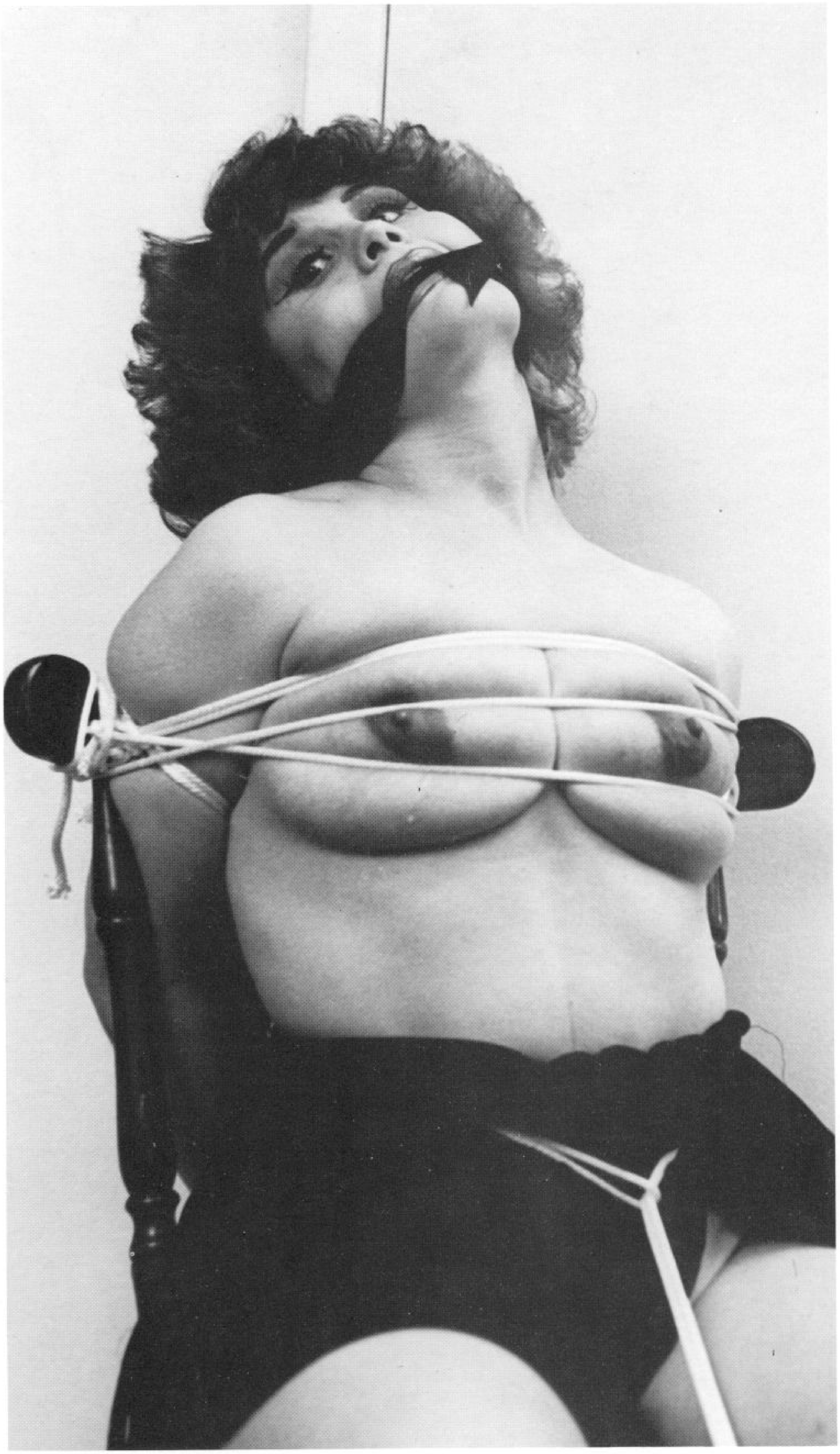
"But why do I have to be tied up?"

"That's because I want to also. You need tying up, hon'. Do you good. Besides, if you're not helpless you'll make a fuss."



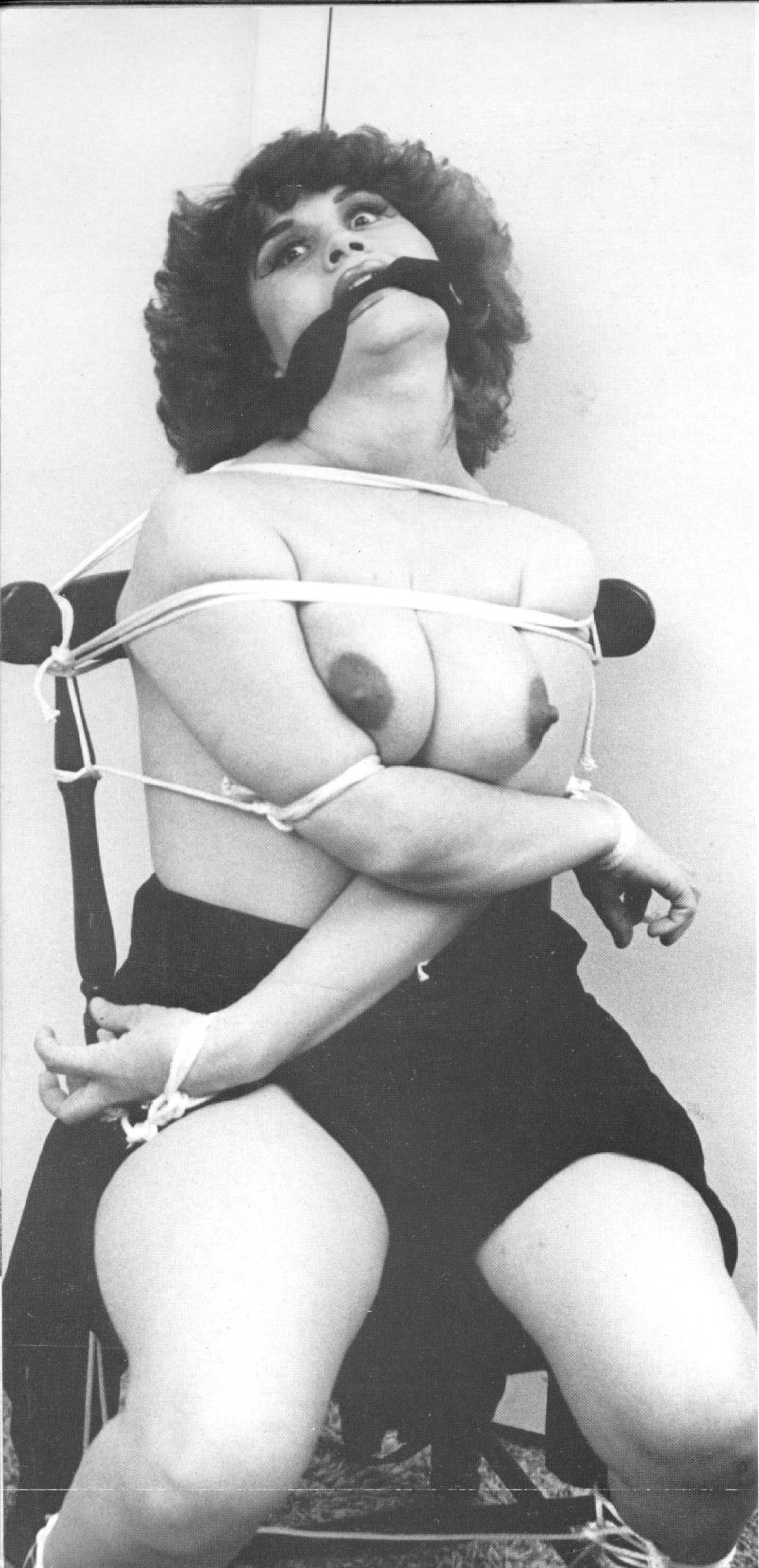




We had our battle then. I lost. I lost to those damn ropes, not to Clarice. With them on my ankles I couldn't do much except get in the odd blow. And anyway I'd loved the girl . . . what the Hell! Next thing I knew I was sitting on a chair with my hands tied behind my back and my dress every which way. I stay there miserably while she ransacked our home. While she was busy robbing me I was busy with the cords on my wrists. I was confident I could get them off. But I could not! I watched most of the stuff I owned going out the door. It was a lousy spot.

When Clarice was done she came to me with more rope. I looked at it with distaste, and then up at the girl who had been my lover. "You don't need to tie me any more." I said morosely. "Good gosh, I can't get loose from this."











"But I want to tie you some more, hon'." She gave me her best smile. The "want to bit" was now an answer for everything.

She giggled. "I'm just being catty. I'll think of you nicely trussed while I drive away with your car.















She wound the ropes painfully tight around one of my breasts. I howled and beefed to no avail. The helplessness that hit me now was the worst ever. I knew I'd never get out of what she'd just knotted. I sat in dumb resignation while my other breast was well wrapped. Clarice stood back and assessed her work. "Clarice," I told her, "You're being a bitch."

"I am, aren't I, hon'!" She agreed cheerfully.

That's when she told me about the man. He'd come in after work and set me free. Clarice had thought of everything. Even to phoning me in sick at the office.

"Tied like this until past five!" I was horrified.

"You can sit and relax, hon'." She made it sound like a nice restful day. "And I do have to make a get-away . . . "

I sat hurting with my breasts sticking out a mile. I heard the car depart (mine!) It was then I saw the clock. It was only ten A.M. That meant seven or eight hours. I cried. What had I ever done to her . . . !

The clock now says seven P.M. Clarice returned about 2 hours ago, bringing all our possessions back into the house. She tied me to the bed and made passionate love to me, then retied me in the chair. I hope she never lets me loose!





DISCIPLINARIAN!

"I take it you view this enterprise in the light of discipline, Janey?"

"Sort of, Miss Quigley. It's ever so good."

"You speak from some experience?"

"Well yes, Miss Quigley. It always makes me feel – well, better."

"Morally strengthened?"

"Oh of course, Miss Quigley."

"Hmmmm. Most unorthodox. But perhaps . . . "

"You'll simply love it, Miss Quigley. I I mean, I'm sure you'll find it helpful with bad girls like me."

"You would so describe yourself, Janey?"

"Well, sort of, Miss Quigley. I mean, I'm not all that well behaved, am I?"

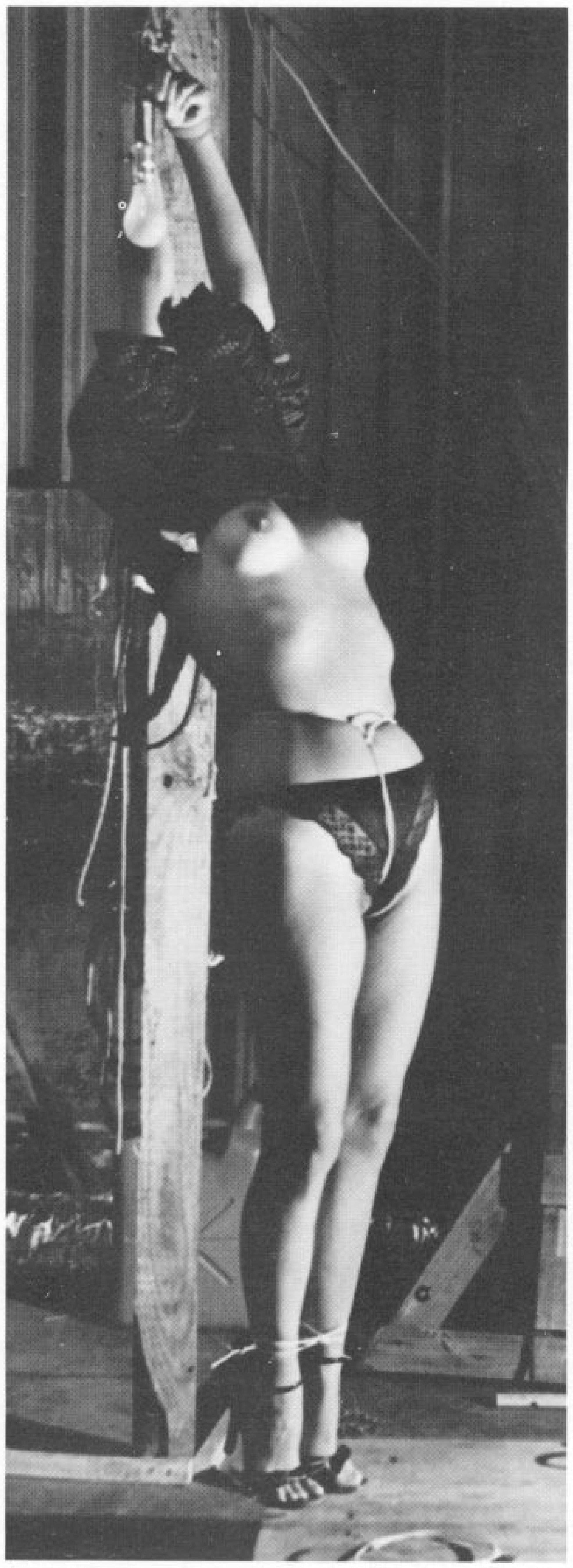
"You most certainly are not. And you say, your parent's home for the weekend?"

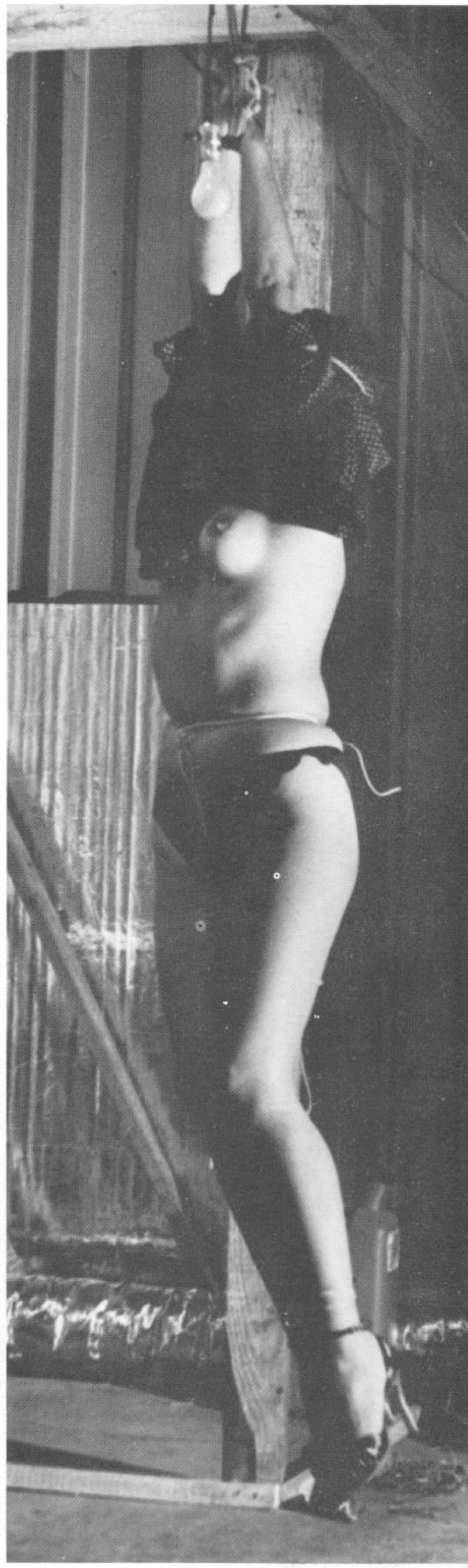
"They're away, Miss Quigley. It's a groovey chance – I mean it's a wonderful opportunity."

"Perhaps, in a good cause, Janey . . . ! You have rope and – and – er, accoutrements?"

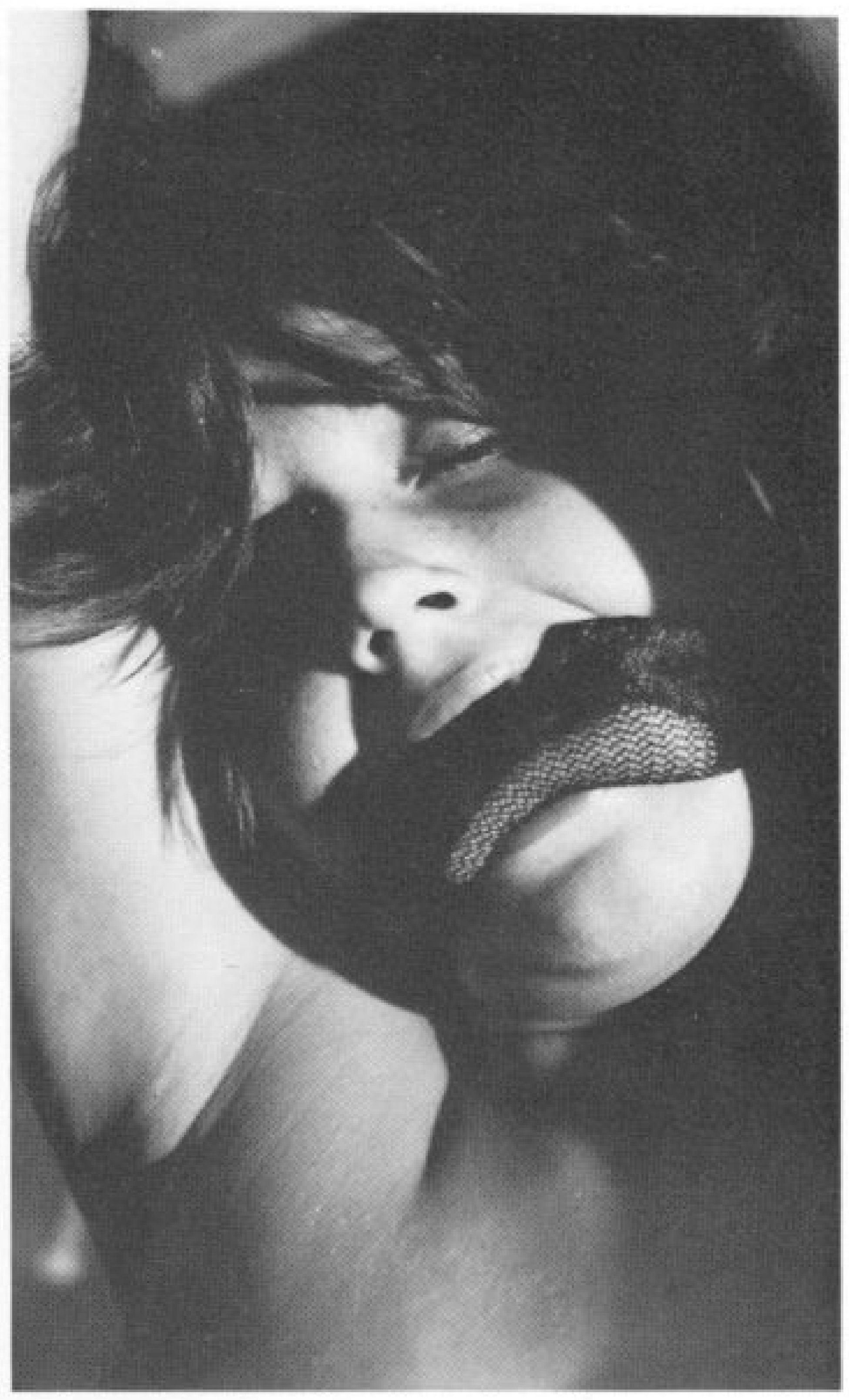
"Oh yes, Miss Quigley – and I've got the car outside –?"

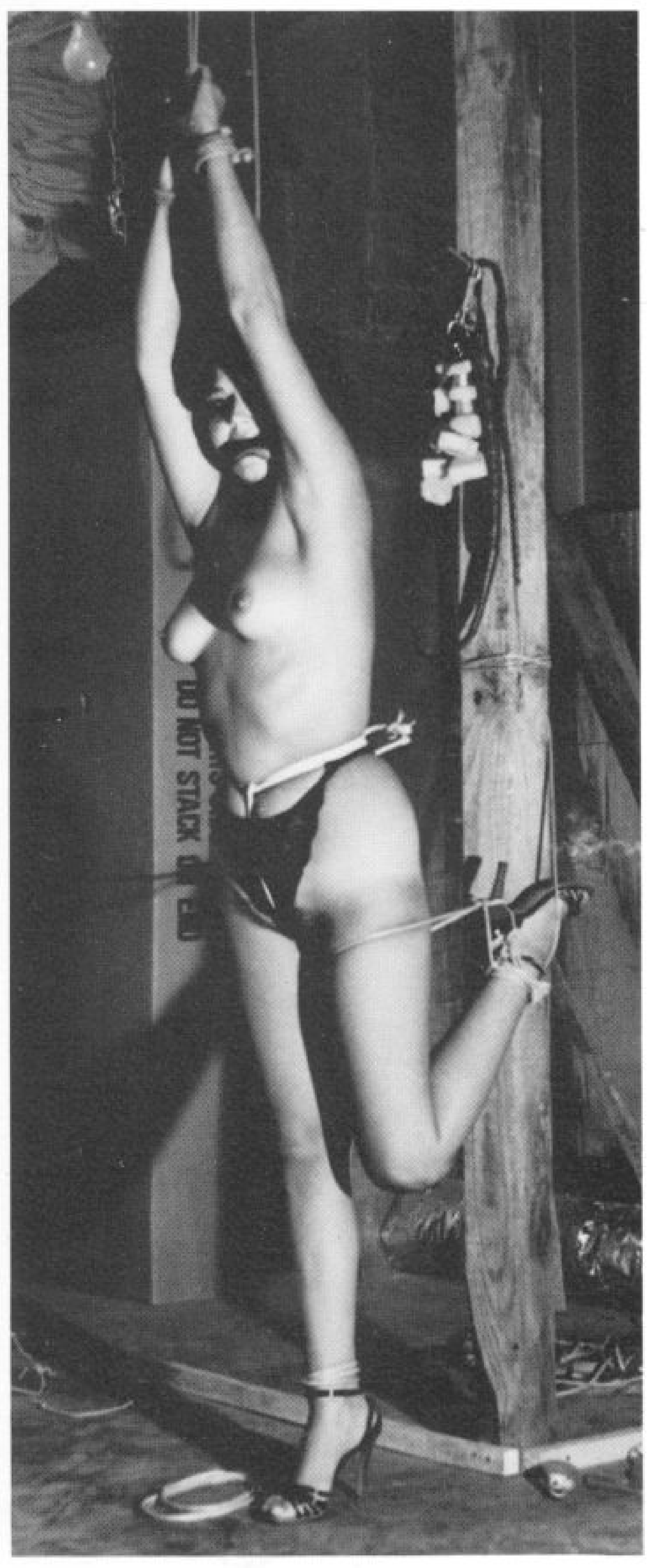


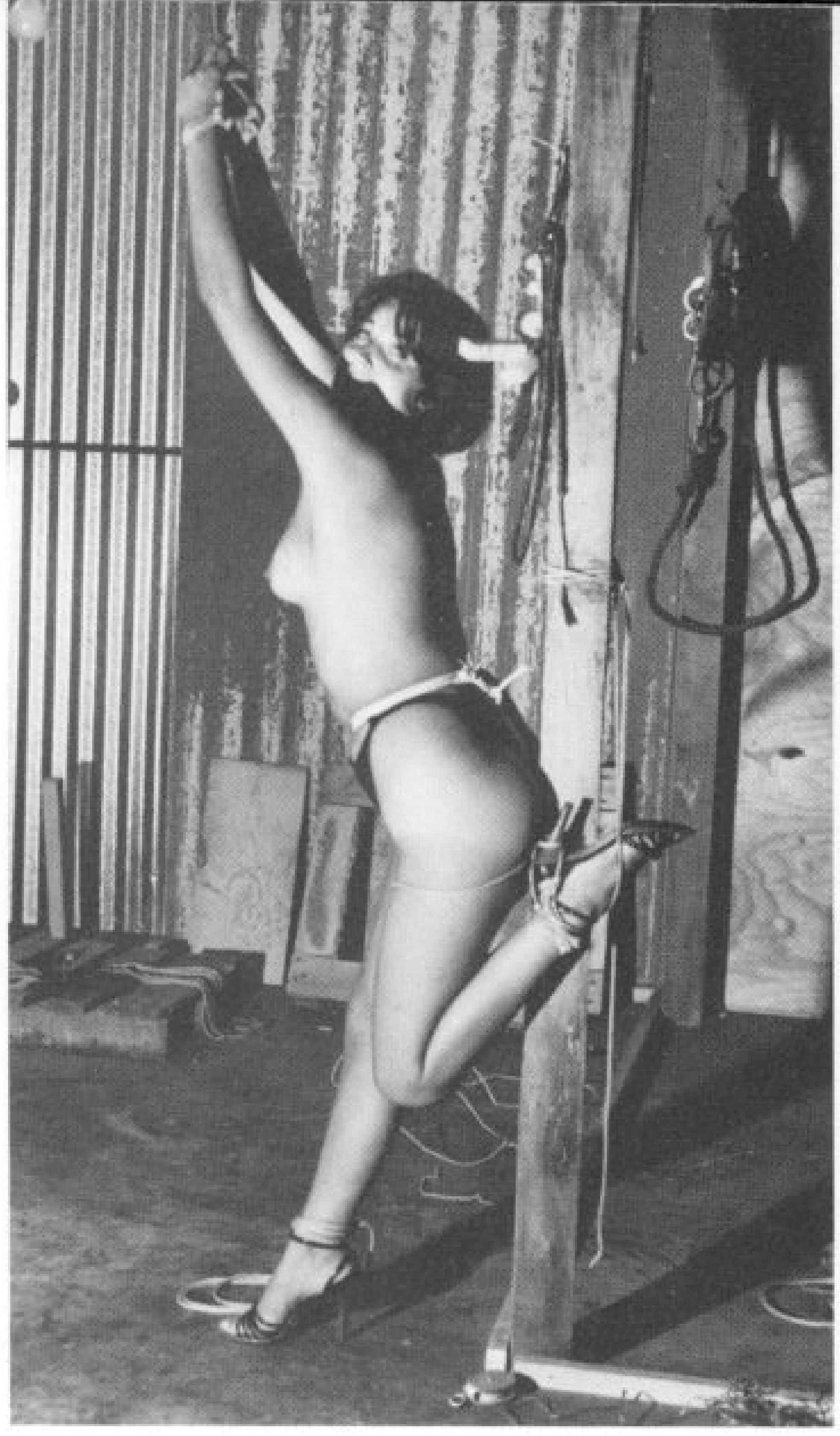









DO NOT STACK



"You are sure nudity is imperative, Janey?"

"Oh yes, Miss Quigley. I mean, the ropes don't sink into me properly with clothes."

"I suppose there is a validity. You may undress. I must say this is most unconventional. But . . . "

"Oh no, Miss Quigley. Girls have been tied up for ages and ages. And it's the loveliest – I mean it has a character building benefit."

"I will accept your assurance. Be so good as to turn and cross your wrists."

"Oh goody, Miss Quigley! You must have read that somewhere. It makes me wet – I mean it has a sorbering effect on me every time."

"I am pleased to find you receptive to correction, Janey. This method may be old fashioned, and I don't know what our Principal would say, but it may have its own basic impact."

"Impact, Miss Quigley? Are you going to spank me too?"

"I trust this is tight enough for your hands, Janey?"

"You're so clever, Miss Quigley. Wow!"

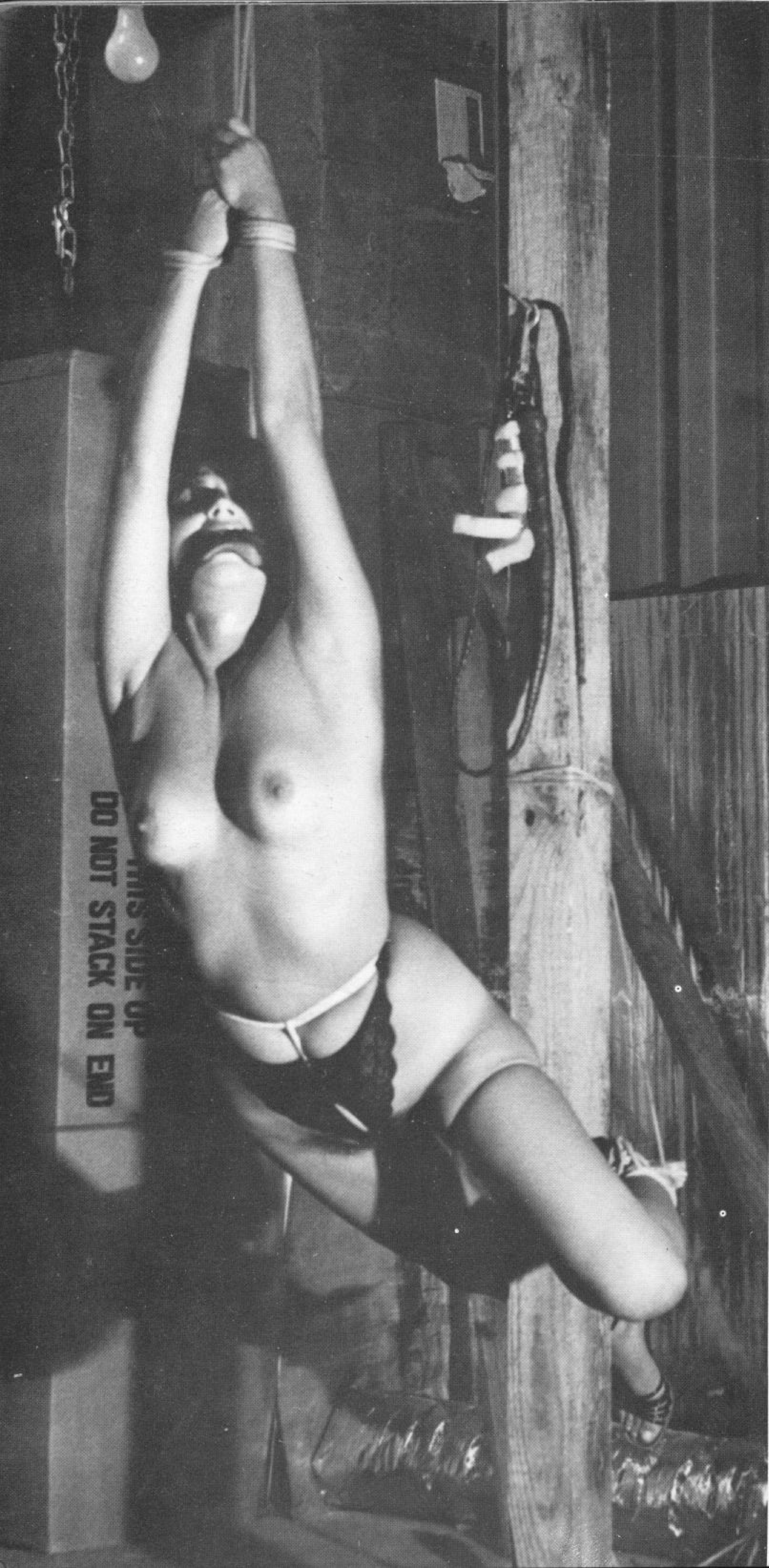
"And now your ankles. As to the spanking, I consider it childish and outdated. I am interested in this . . . "

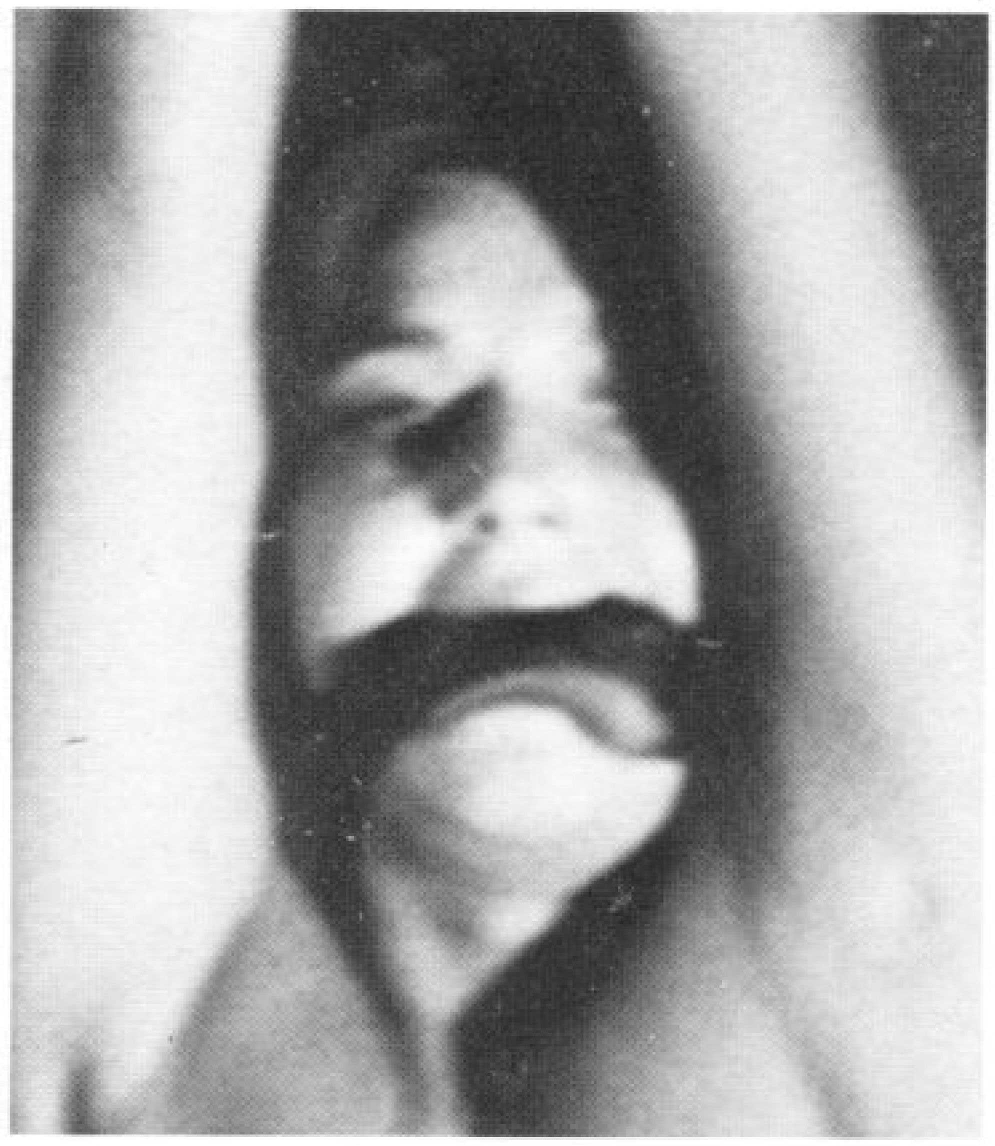
"You're so right, Miss Quigley. A cane or a riding crop on a girl's bottom is much the best. You'll find some in the workbench drawer. I'm sorry I can't get them, but . . . "

"Quite so. In the workbench, you said? But really, what am I saying!"

"You're on the right track, Miss Quigley. I'm sure I'm going to be the best girl."







"There is every room for improvement, Janey. I believe your breasts should be tied? I have seen pictures?"

"Oh groovey, Miss Quigley – I mean that really does make me mind."

"You are quite sure this is practical? Doesn't it hurt?"

"Super, super, Miss Quigley – I mean a bit of pain is part of punishment, isn't it! And my breasts really do stick out if you wind the rope tight. It's best to use several loops of rope."

"I am perfectly able, Janey."

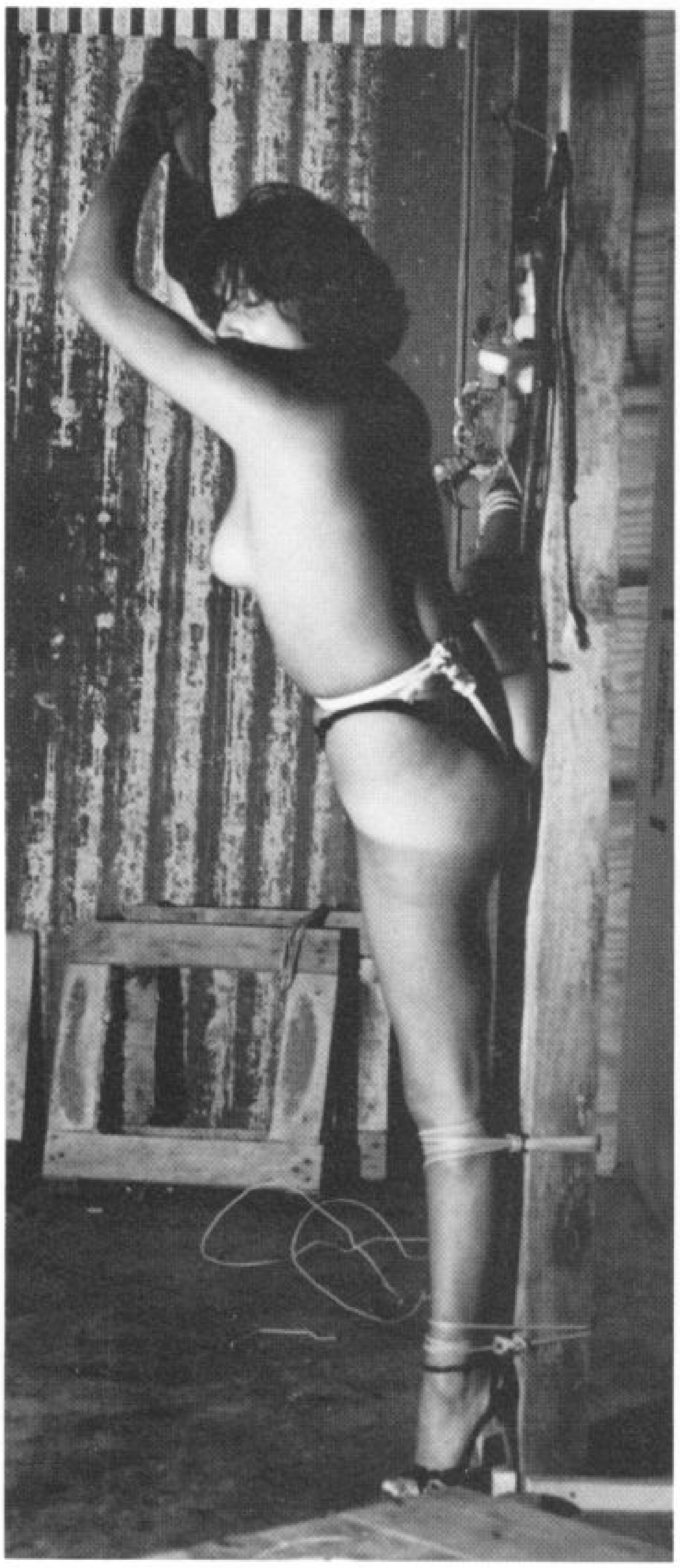
"Oh ouch! Oh mmmm! You sure are, Miss Quigley."

"Your peculiar exclamations seem to betoken pleasure, Janey? Or do I misinterpret?"




DO NOT STACK ON END





"Oh yes, Miss Quigley – I mean I'm so pleased I'm being punished so capably, and by you, and by being tied so tight, and, and . . ."

"I must say you are taking this very well, Janey. And you say it is customary for a continuance over the weekend?"

"Oh of course, Miss Quigley. You tie me to the bed at night. You can sleep right with me if you want to?"

"Why on Earth . . . ?"

"Just to look after me, Miss Quigley, sort of. You wouldn't want anything to happen – and we needn't either of us wear a nightie."

"You are a remarkable young woman, Janey. No nightie, eh! And tied to the bed! Well!"

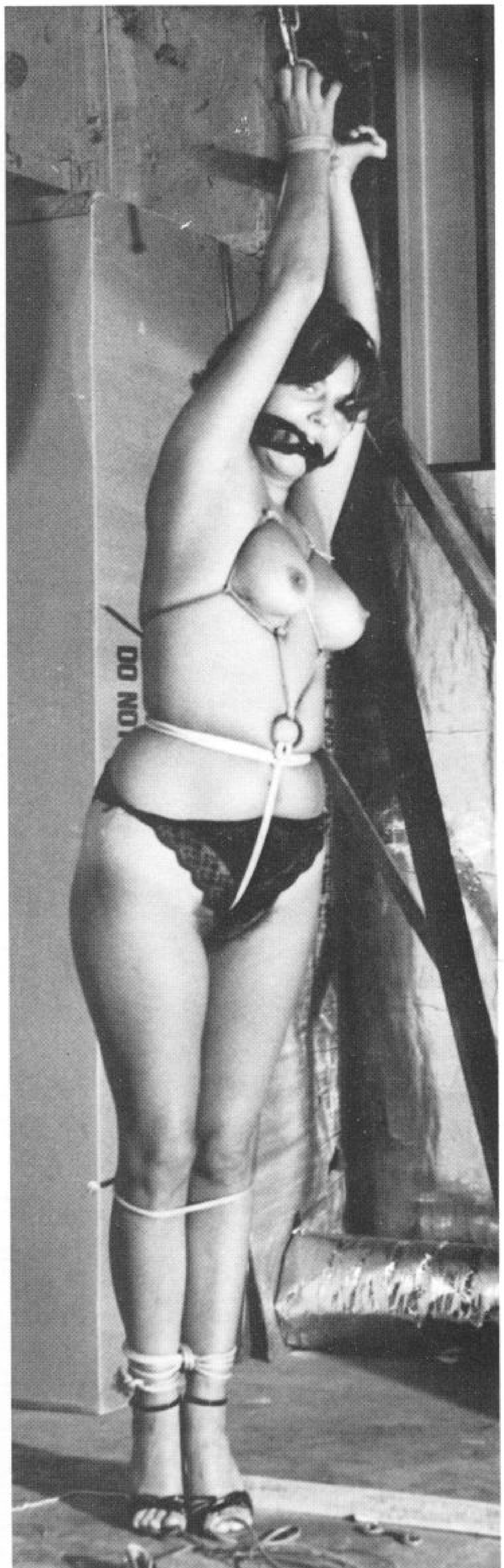
"You're so sweet to me, Miss Quigley. I'm feeling a better girl already. Jeepers, my breasts! Gee whiz."

"I'm curious as to your reference to corporal punishment, Janey?"

"Well, it's so basic, Miss Quigley. It gets right to the bottom – I mean the heart of the matter and the stripes are so simply cunt quaking – Ooops, sorry! I mean they are a stern reminder."







"You phrase things so well, Janey. I take it you have endured the cane? I am curious as to its effect on the libido?"

"I don't know about the libido, Miss Quigley, but it sure does make my bottom all warm and between my legs – Ooops, I mean it really does build character and all that sort of thing."

"Dear me, I almost feel some benefit myself."

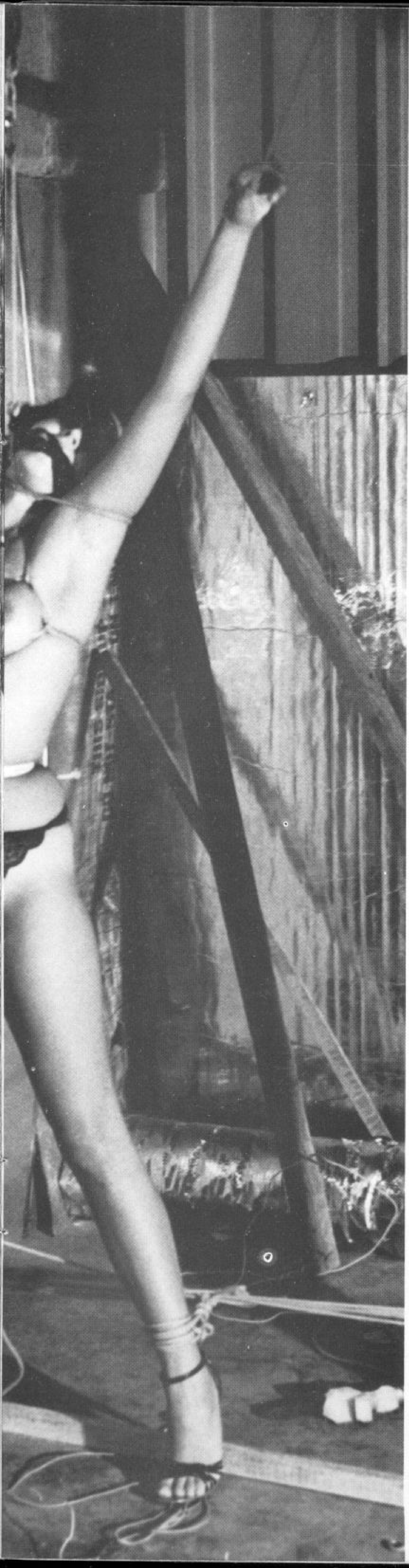
"I'm so glad, Miss Quigley. I sort of hoped . . ."

"I'm so glad too, Janey dear."




UP
FURNITURE

UP

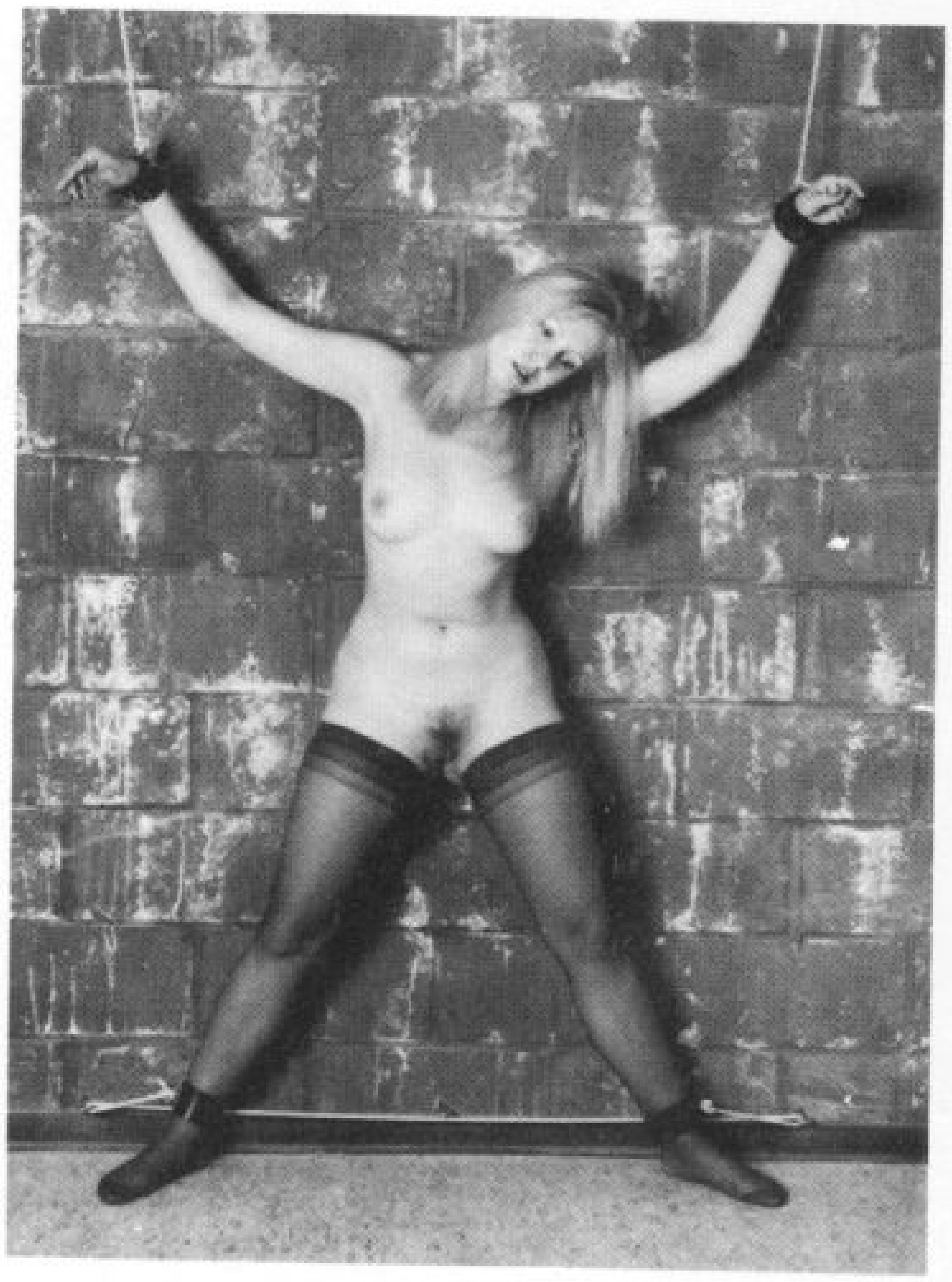




TORMENT FOR HIS PLEASURE

I suppose I could ask why I let him do it. But it would just be an exclamation of exasperation. I know why I got myself into this. It's because I'm hungry for that guy and because I wanted to. No mystery at all. The mystery is right now: how and when am I going to get loose! Gordie's as mischievious as Hell, and I don't think he understands how bad being tied like this can get. I'm beginning to get scared. Supposing he gets some silly notion about all night!

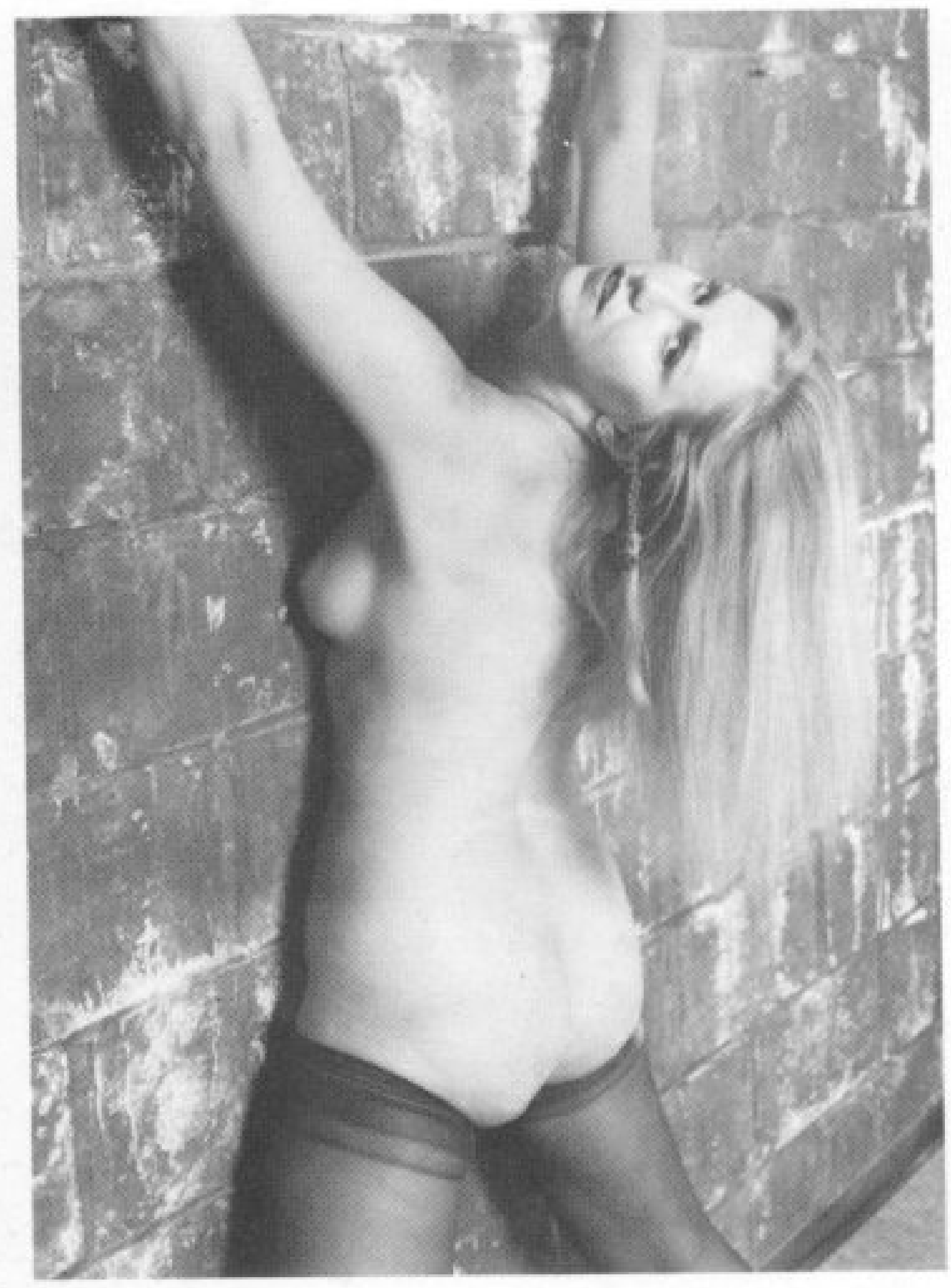
He's so damn sweet, so gorgeously young! I don't think I've ever felt so strongly about one of the guys. I'd give anything to get him, and anything else to hold him . . . forever! Maybe I've got the key - this bondage kick. He adores it. To













tie me up wildly excites him. I'd never heard of it until I met him. And then . . . it's crazy! I'm older than he is, but I let him tie me up the very first night - even before we made love. He said it would be so much better with me tied spreadeagle on the bed. And it was! Oh, was it ever! And it keeps getting better. I'm not sure about this being tied up business, but for Gordie . . . ! Hell I'd let him tie me for a week at a time if I knew he'd stay with me.

I wish I didn't get scared.

It's fine if he stays. I don't even mind if he's mean to me, and he usually is. All the way from tickling with a feather to having my bottom whipped with a beastly cane he's picked up from somewhere. He can be quite cruel sometimes. And then so loving . . . I've asked him about his wish to tie a girl up and make a slave out of her her. But he says he doesn't know himself. He certainly is not the kind you'd expect. He's so damn sweet. Gee I wish these ropes weren't so tight! I wonder if I should try and get loose again . . . My skin's all chafed as it is.

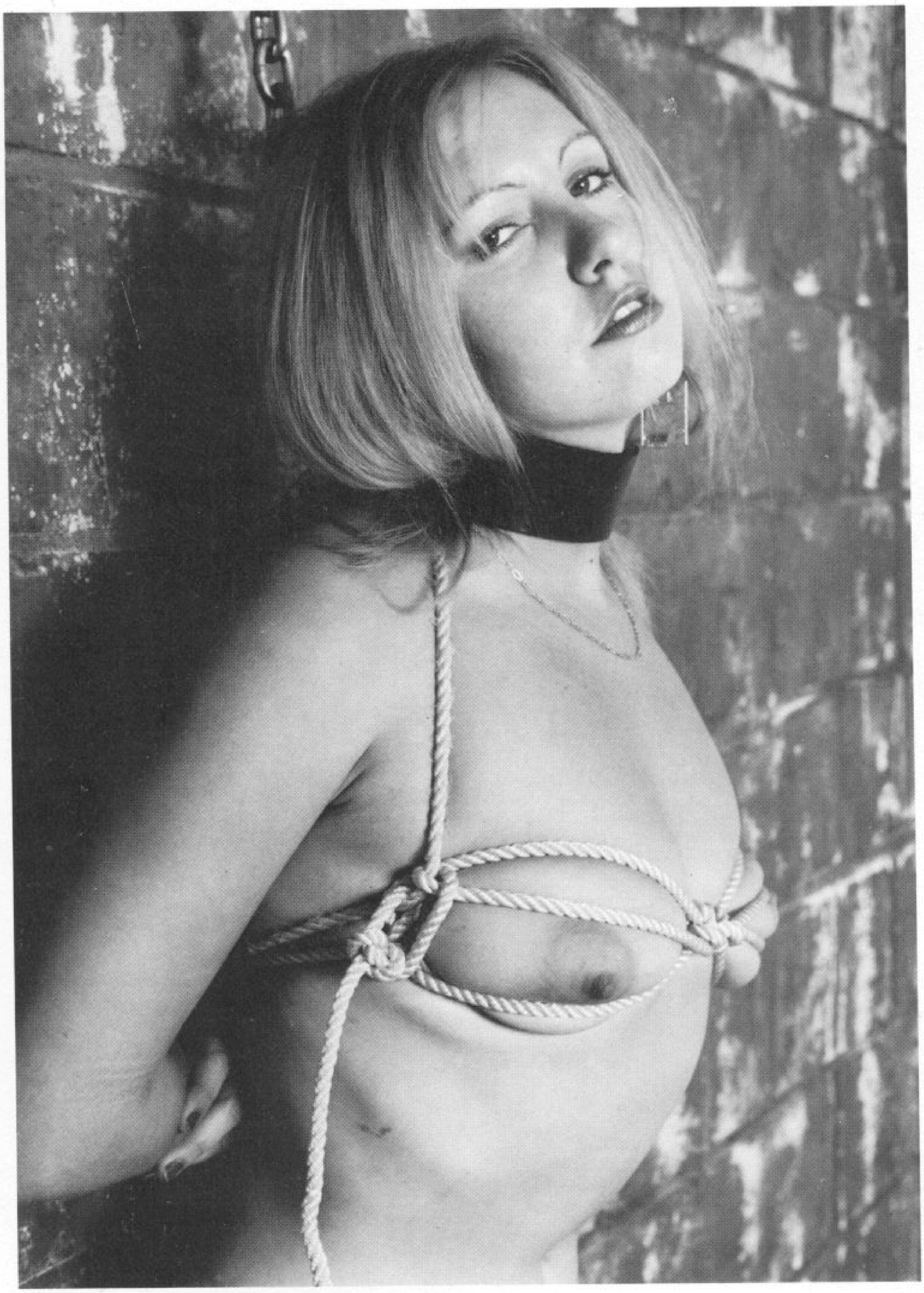
When Gordie first tied me I didn't struggle at all. My darling wanted me tied, so O.K. I'd be tied. But he said I had to struggle to make it authentic and I could understand that. So then I twisted and wrenched at the ropes while my darling stood there and watched, his eyes glowing as if there was a fire in back. I never did manage to get loose. Those struggles didn't just please him, they taught me not to waste my energy and get my skin all cut up . . .

But when he goes away and leaves me like right now I struggle because I really and truly want to get free. An hour after he's gone I want OUT. Like now! I'd give anything to get free this moment. All the magic went away with Darling. Being tied like this alone isn't my idea of fun, and the way he's undressed me. I feel untidy and miserable. I've told him about this, but he just laughs and says: "Well, I'll just have to tie you tighter, won't I, darling!" And that's exactly what he does. He knows he's got me. Oh damn!

I wonder where Gordie is! That's what always gets me when I'm tied alone. I imagine him out with others, maybe another woman! It drives me frantic. I really am nuts to let him do this to me. I know I won't be able to get loose. Gordie







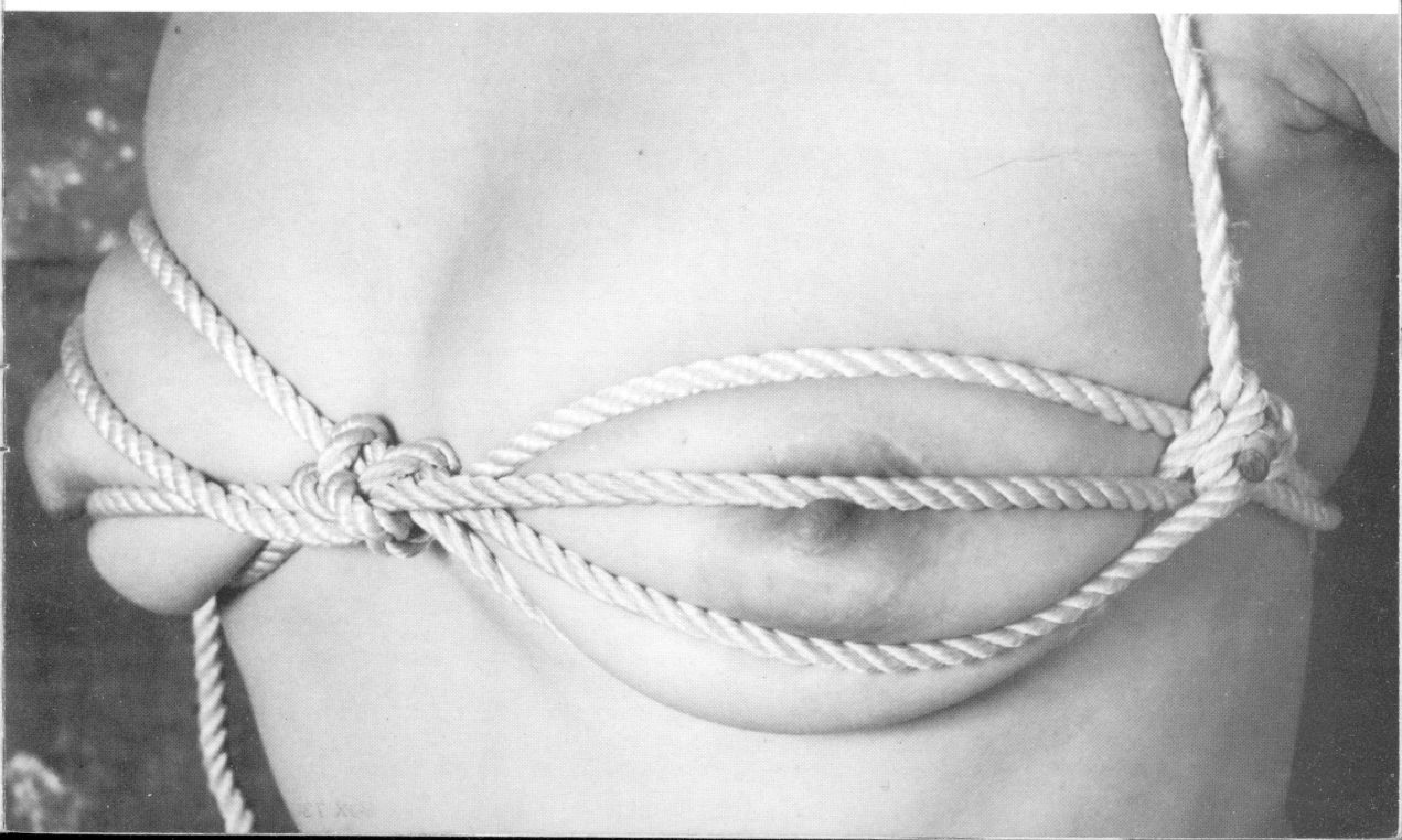
gets more clever with the knots each time. He tells me now that he's going to buy some chain and padlocks. I'll still be tied this way, but with a chain and padlock on me somewhere and attached to something solid; it won't do me a bit of good to slip the ropes. I'll still be a prisoner until my Master decides to set me free.

It's so humiliating, and Gordie always looks for more ways. Sometimes I'm left utterly naked. Imagine! Once he took me out to a park and tied me to a tree, then messed my clothes about so that my breasts were popping out and my dress all rucked up. "If you can't get loose you can always call for help, darling." He taunted. So there I was! Calling for help was the last thing in my mind. I might get it. The wood was not that isolated, and it would probably be the wrong kind. I tugged and twisted at those damn ropes with visions of rapes and beastly little boys and policeman . . . There never was a girl less anxious to be rescued than me that time. All the way trough I kept telling myself: "Never again!" But what the Hell . . . ! The absolute darling is a disease. I'll never get cured.

But what about right now! I'm sure Gordie's been gone about four hours. He took the clock, of course! He knows the torture of not being able to tell time. But I'm getting so I can judge time by the pain I'm in. Ropes get progressively worse. I've begged him to buy a pair of handcuffs, but he says they're not intimate enough. He wants me to feel his fingers . . . He's right. Rope and cord is like that. Right now when I struggle it's his fingers that won't let me go.

It's about this time I start computing. I add this and that and come up with possibilities that half scare me to death. I mean, about what he's up to and who with. I searched for clues in what he's said or things he's left laying around. I know it's silly, but it's all I have to do. My detective work so far leads me to Millie Winters. If Gordie's out with that little broad I'll die. Gordie boasts about it afterwards - all honey and sugar and while I'm still tied up. "Poor dear darling . . . All tied up in nasty ropes while her ever loving Gordie's out having a ball with Janie Scrimshaw. Oh darling, has Janie got fabulous tits . . . !" It goes on and on. Half the time I think he makes it up just to tease. But I'm never quite sure . . . Oh damn! Why do I love him so?





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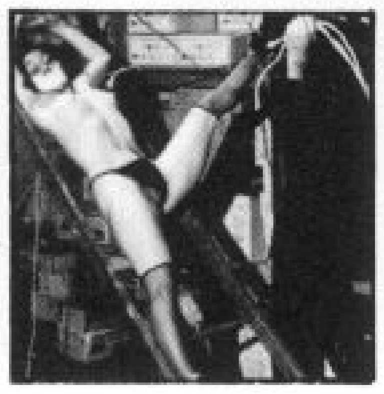
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Spread eagled on the bondage cross, his evil hands molest her body!
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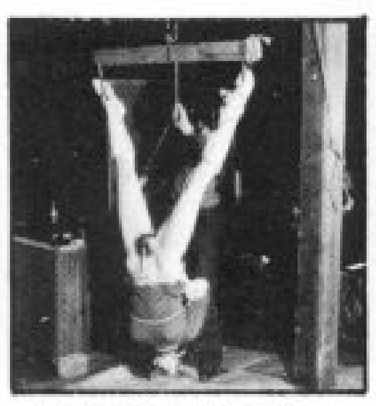
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Carol's mini-skirted teasing brings outdoor bondage torment! Her cruel captor starts a fire between her legs!
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Gagged and suspended, she watches in horror as the impaling device closes in!
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Kim learns her lesson with cruel, punishing ropes and the flailing of her buttocks!
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She awakens from a drugged sleep in the trunk of the car, taken inside and whipped with spread legs!
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He wraps cuffs about her ankles and wrists & tickles her most tender hot spots.
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BREAST BOUND PENALTY

"O.K. so I'm over twenty! But I'll let you do it if that will set things straight." Patsy glared at the older woman in despair.

"But it's child's play?" Mrs. Matheson's eyes narrowed.

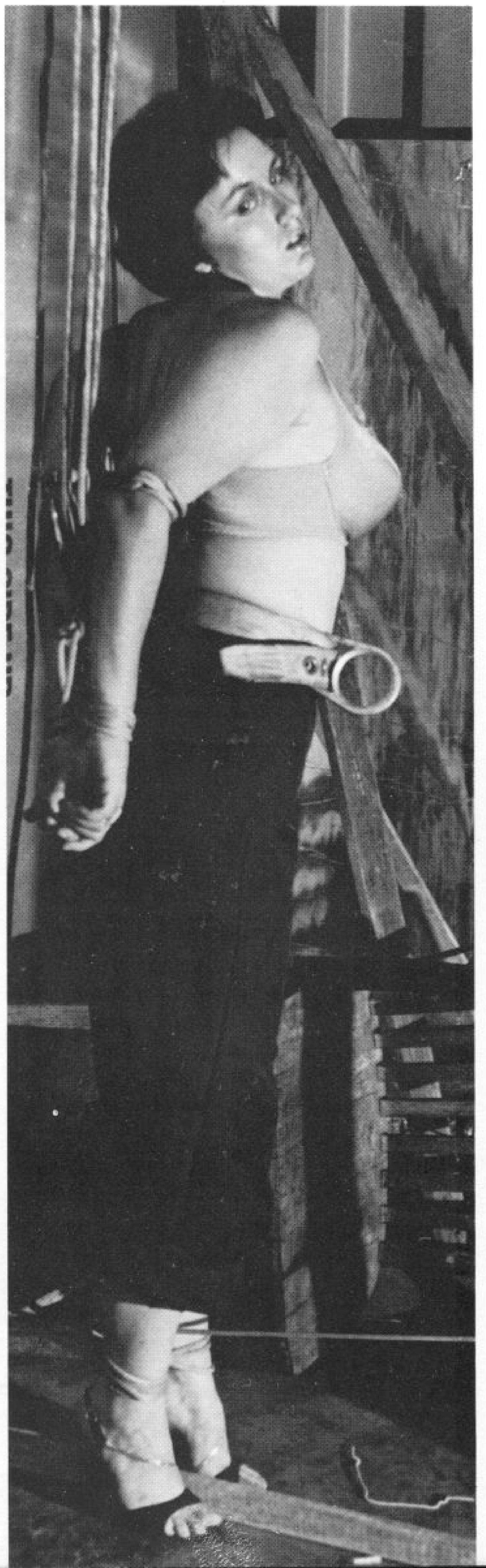
"It's not!" Patsy flared. "Tie me any way you like. Tie me so it hurts . . . that's my punishment. Tie me for a day or a week so that you don't have to worry about me. I'll let you do it."

The older lips pursed. A grim smile was becoming evident. If I do it, you'll hurt. You won't like it."

"I don't expect to. But do it, please! It's my only way . . . "

"Get rid of the dress and the shoes then. I'm not going to try and tie a girl with her clothes on."



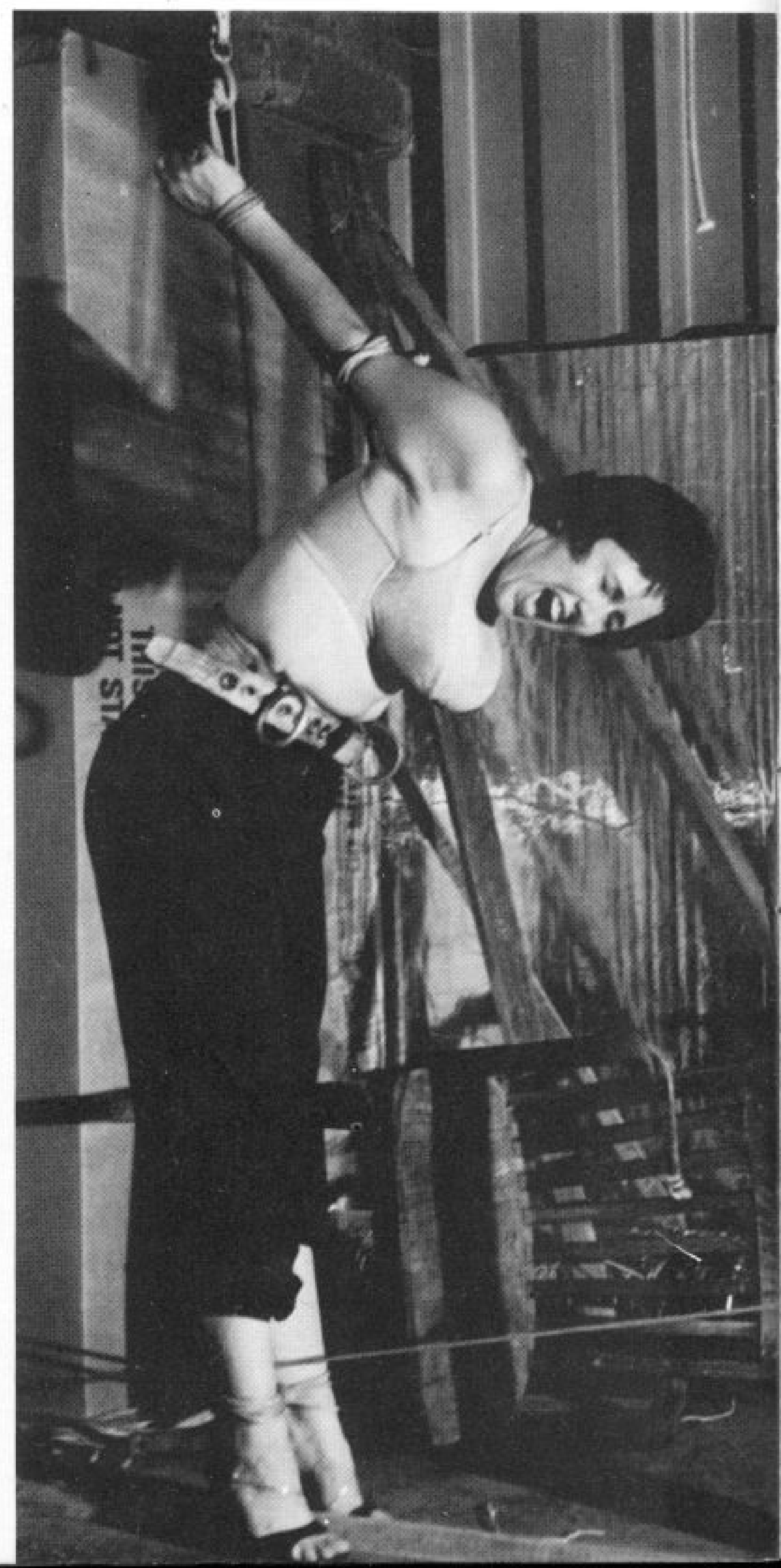


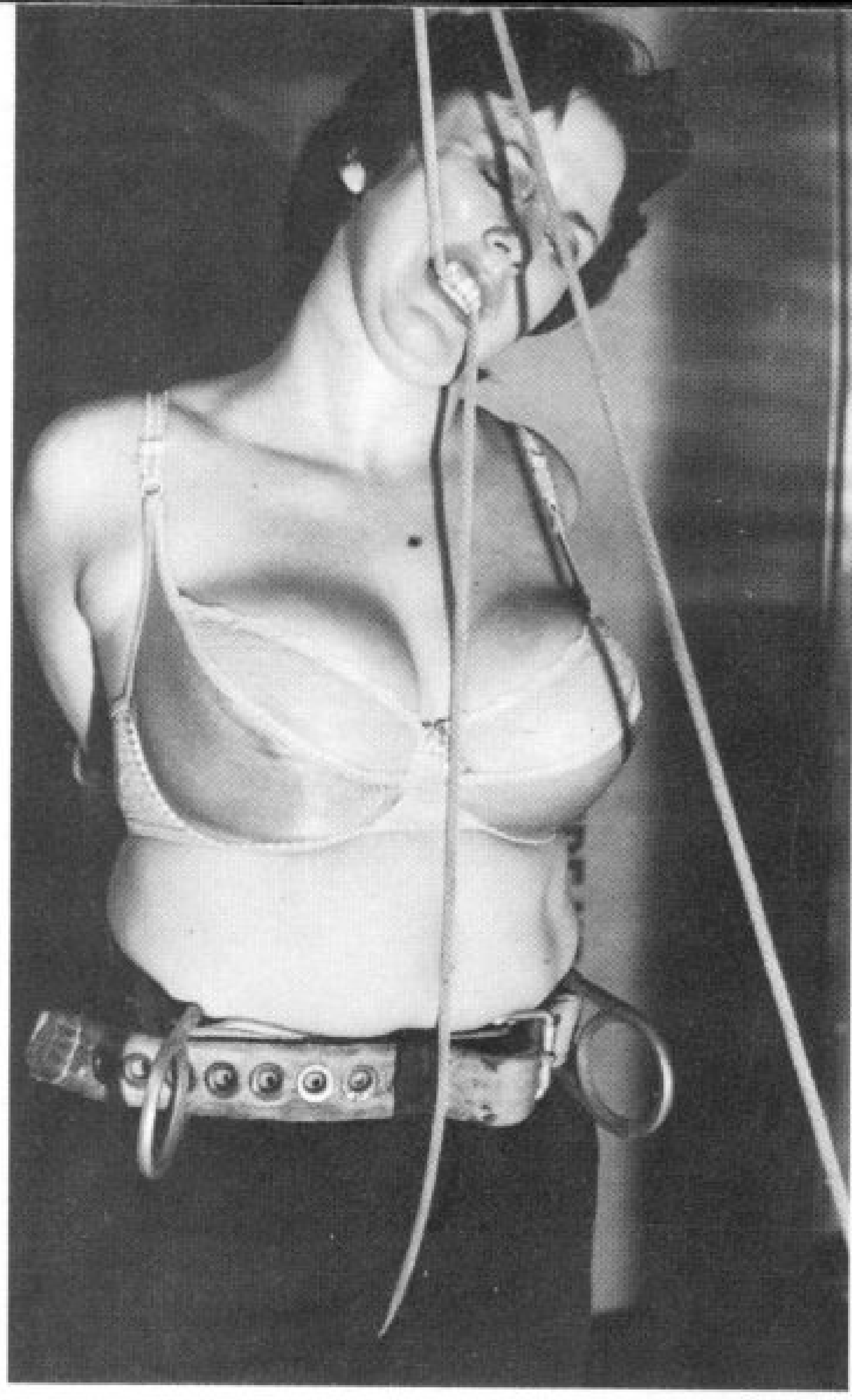
Patsy obeyed with alacrity.

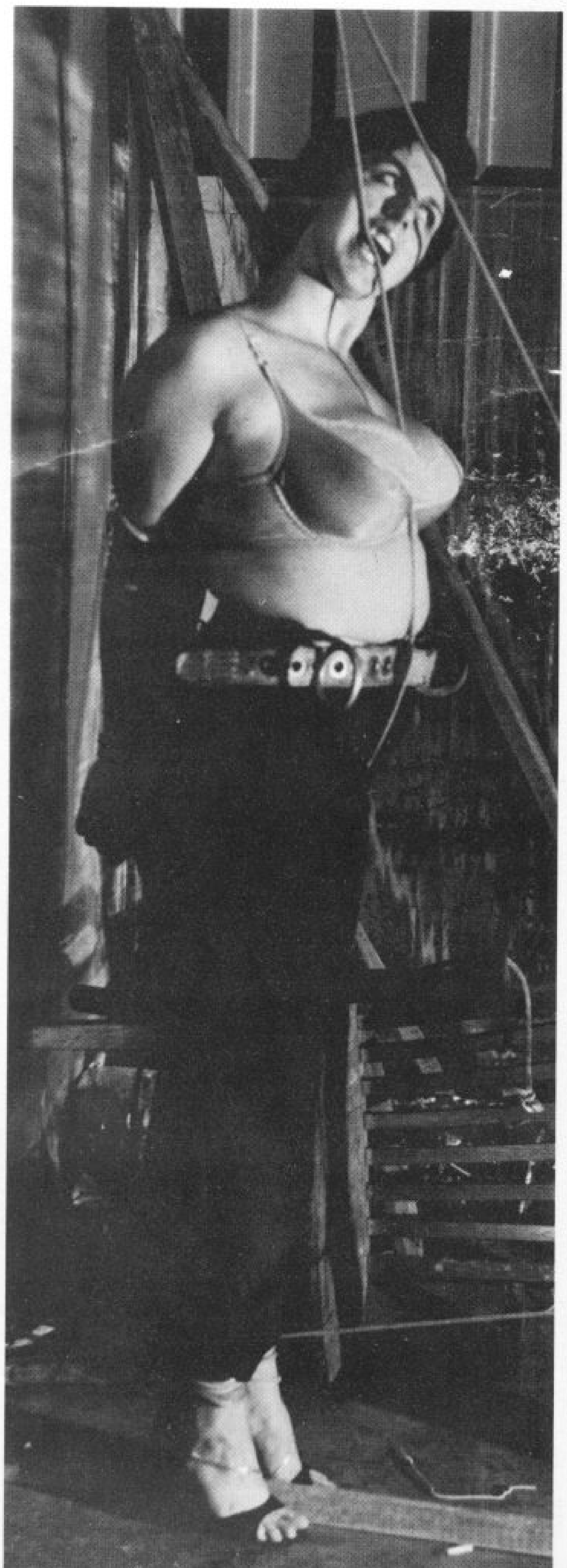
"Keep your panties. I'm no les'. I've got an old clothesline . . . "

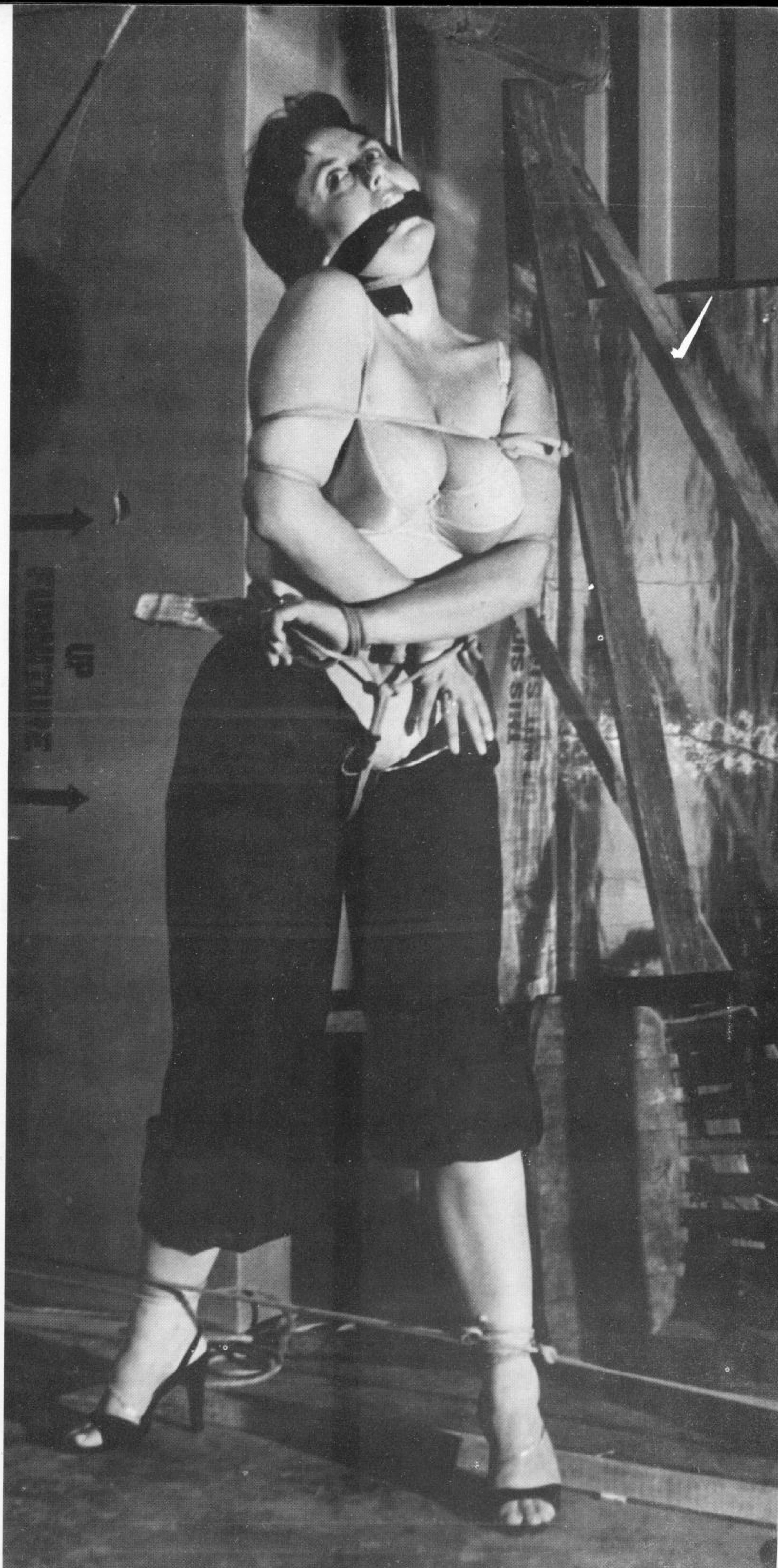
Patsy sighed with relief. If she could pay the debt at the price of this discomfort, and allay the other woman's fears about what she was doing . . . The solution was pure inspiration. Almost eagerly she crossed her wrists and held them out.

Mrs. Matheson ordered her into the chair. The white cotton cord was suddenly brutal on the slender wrists. Patsy was determined to make no complaint. When her wrists were secured by unexpectedly competent fingers, her ankles were bound to the legs of the chair tightly. Patsy supposed there was no reason for her to expect mercy. Mrs. Matheson had become intent and preocupied. The new prisoner was thankful for her panties. True, her legs were spread so widely that curls of pubic hair escaped their covering, but what should be hid was hidden! As for her breasts, they jutted forwards, vulnerable to her captor's whim. Patsy just hoped for













the best, after all what was a naked breasts between women . . . ! "This was your idea, girl. I hope you like it." Mrs. Matheson was businesslike about the thing she had scorned. "Try to get loose."

Patsy tried. It was far from comfortable. Her stretched legs hurt. She wriggled experimentally and arrived at what seemed the easiest pose. She looked up at the watching woman, hoping for approval. Comfort was out of the question, pain was inevitable. But she would not complain.

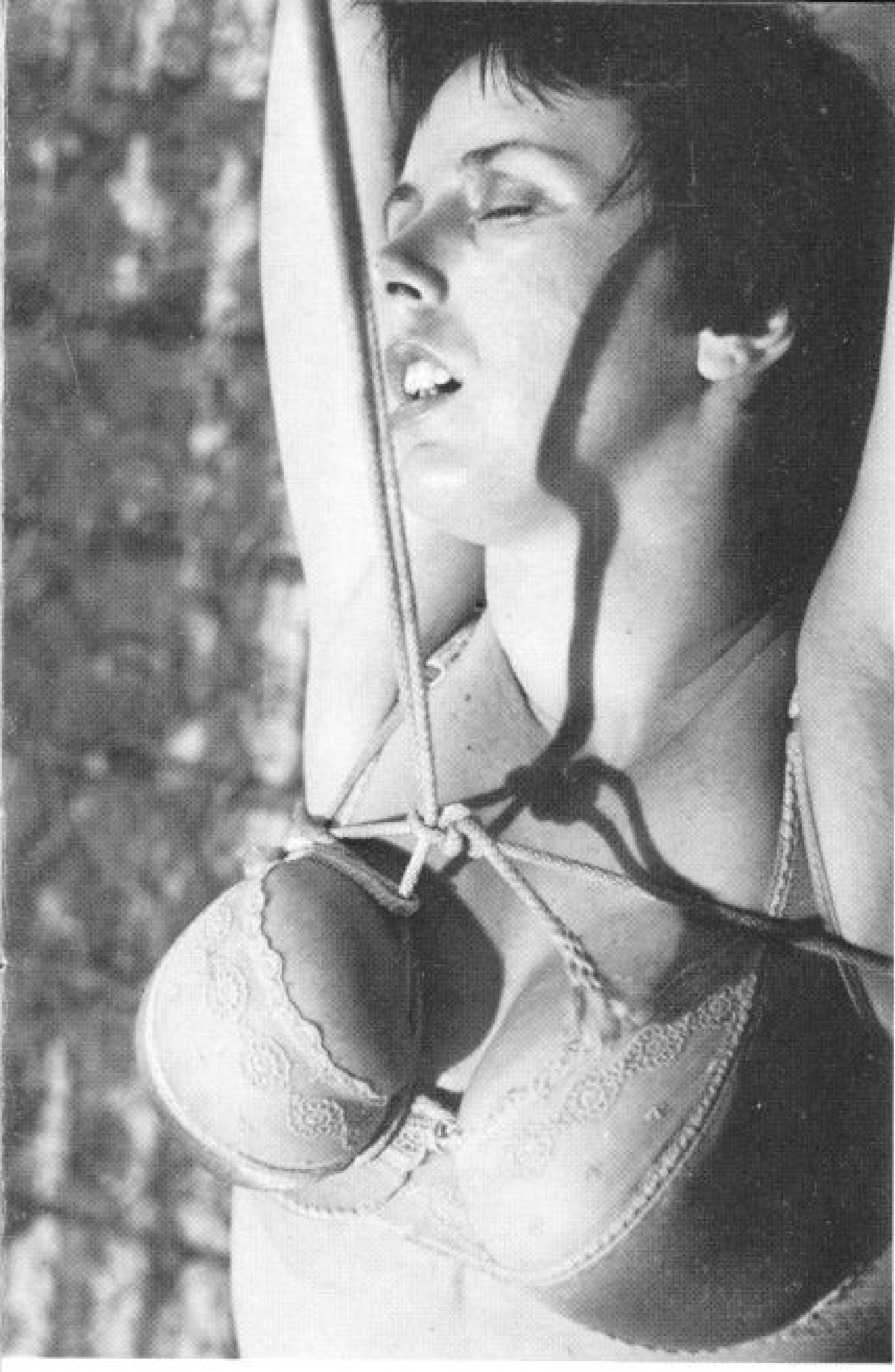
"Can leave you that way at night." Mrs. Matheson mused. "But you need a bit more discomfort for daytime.

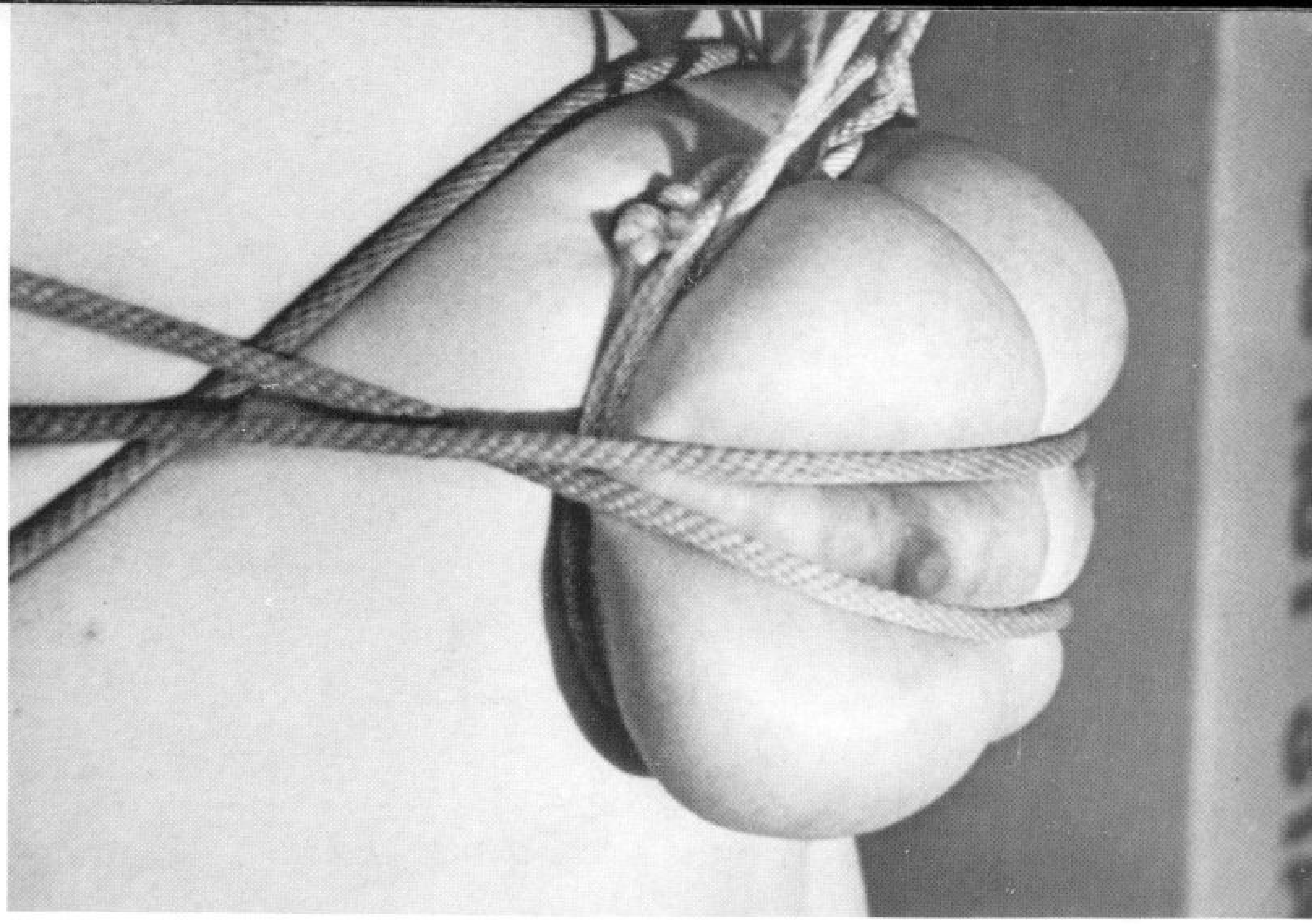
Patsy found it hard to keep silent as the wire was fastened around her breasts. As it was drawn tighter and tighter, around and around, her breasts stood out from her body. Her spread legs made the posture twice as trying than if they had been tied together. She gasped as a final tug was made and the wire made fast. "Is that hurting, girl?" Mrs. Matheson inquired as though quite prepared to make things worse.

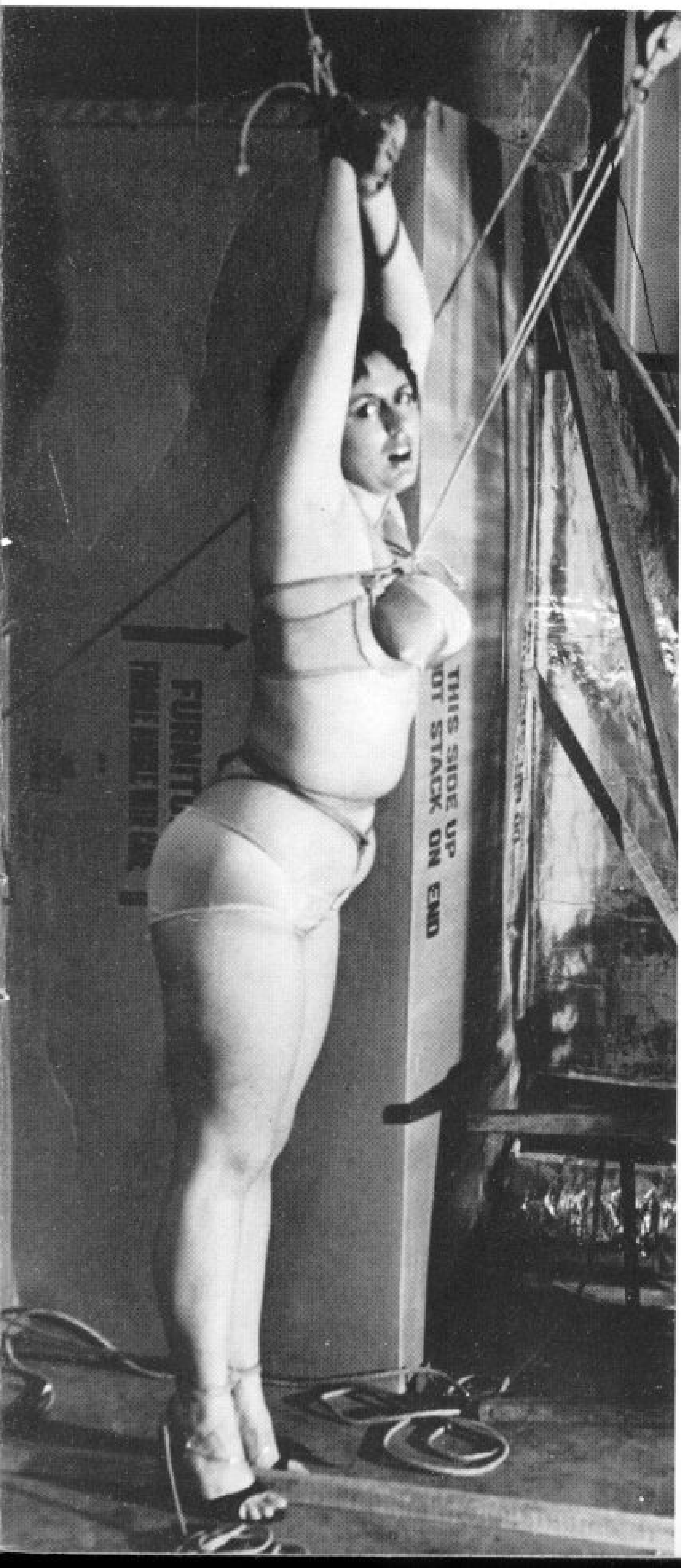
"Yes . . . oh, yes!" Patsy's breath had quickened. This was more than being tied up. "It's pretty awful." She said hesitantly. "You won't leave me like this, will you?"

"Good-bye." That was her answer. Mrs. Matheson was gone.

Patsy took stock: Nearly naked, feet spread wide, seated on a chair that under other circumstances might have been comfortable, but which now served no other purpose than to keep her captive. But it was her breasts on which all her concern was focused. Tied as they were she was not only terribly helpless, but in as discomfort verging on pain. Looking ahead, the nearly nude girl could guess the effect of passing time. Unless Mrs.

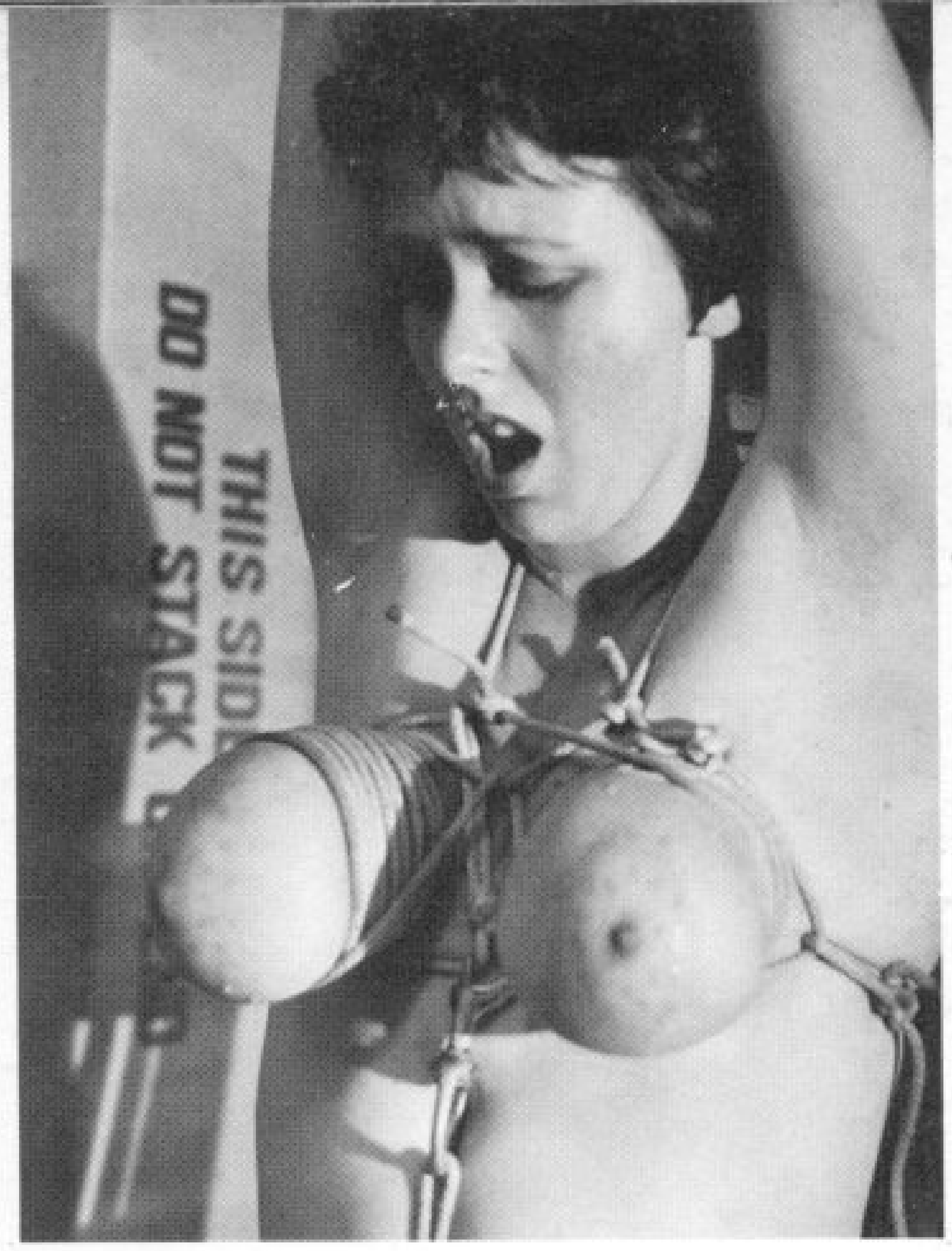





THIS SIDE UP
STACK ON END







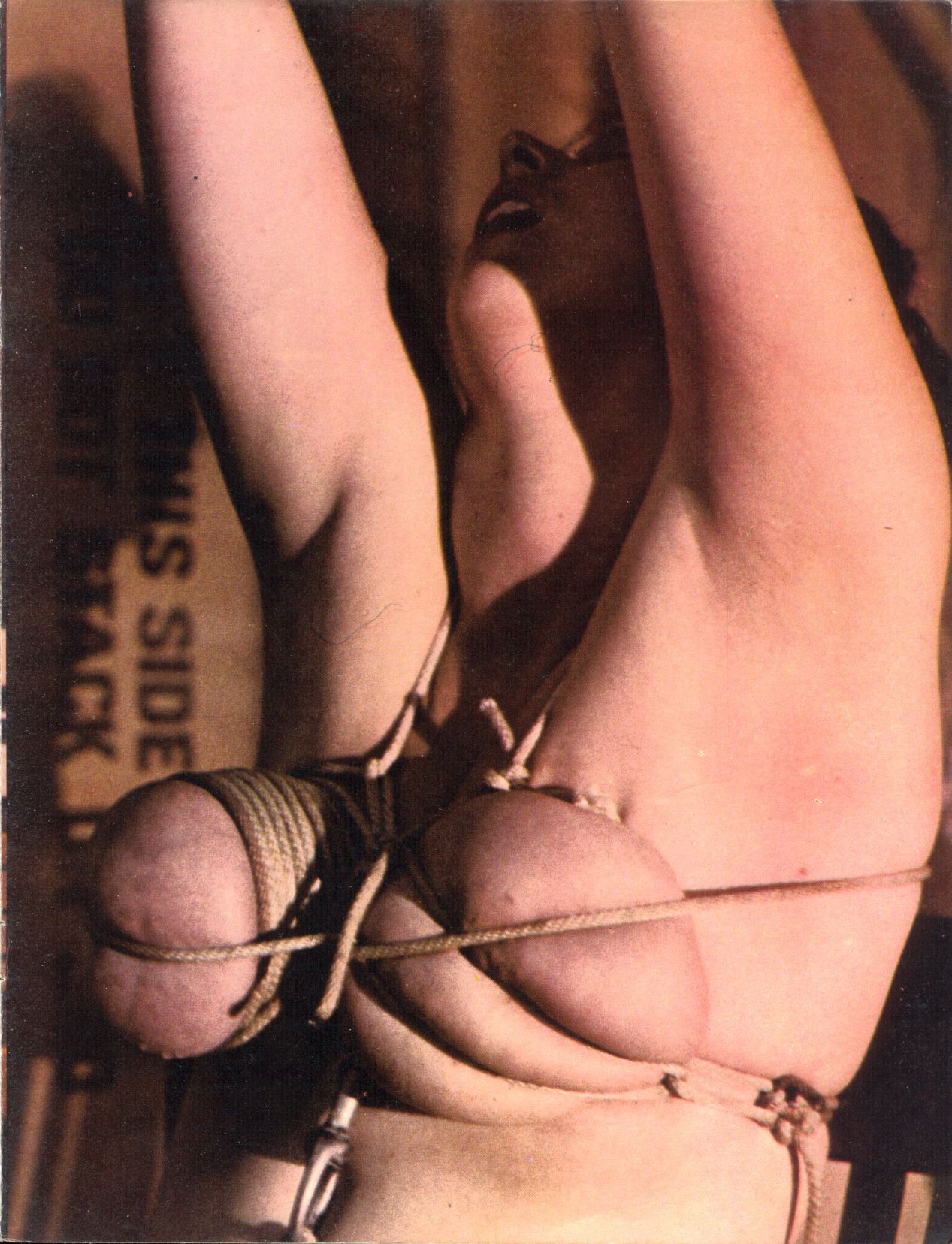
Matheson returned within an hour she was going to be a sorry girl. In sudden panic she struggled and twisted, but to no avail. Glumly she bowed her head in defeat and began to cry. It was then she beheld her shame.

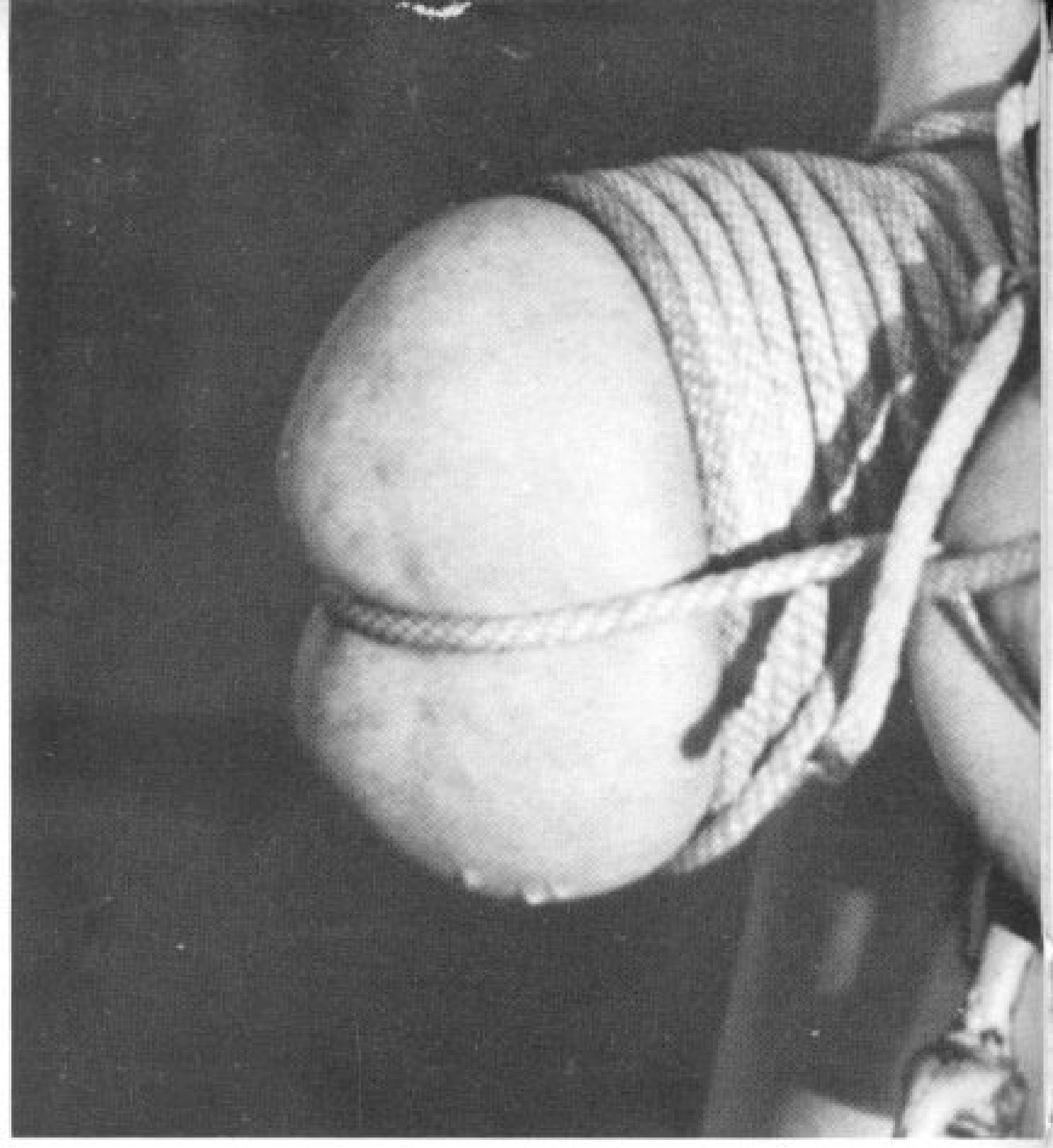
The wetness had darkened the crotch of her panties. It was of such a magnitude that, in its way, it was more obscene than her naked sex would have been. Wet! But why! It glared back at her with all the evidence of sexual arousal. Now that awareness had forced itself upon her vision the captive girl was obliged to confess to a heat within her loins that seemed inconsistent with her plight. But as she considered this, and as she strained against the rope and cords with which she had been bound by another woman, a woman of both beauty and personality, Patsy could not ignore the eroticism of her condition. She was owned by a woman who would work her will upon her flesh. She had been bound helpless by female hands. And, of course, she herself had asked . . . !

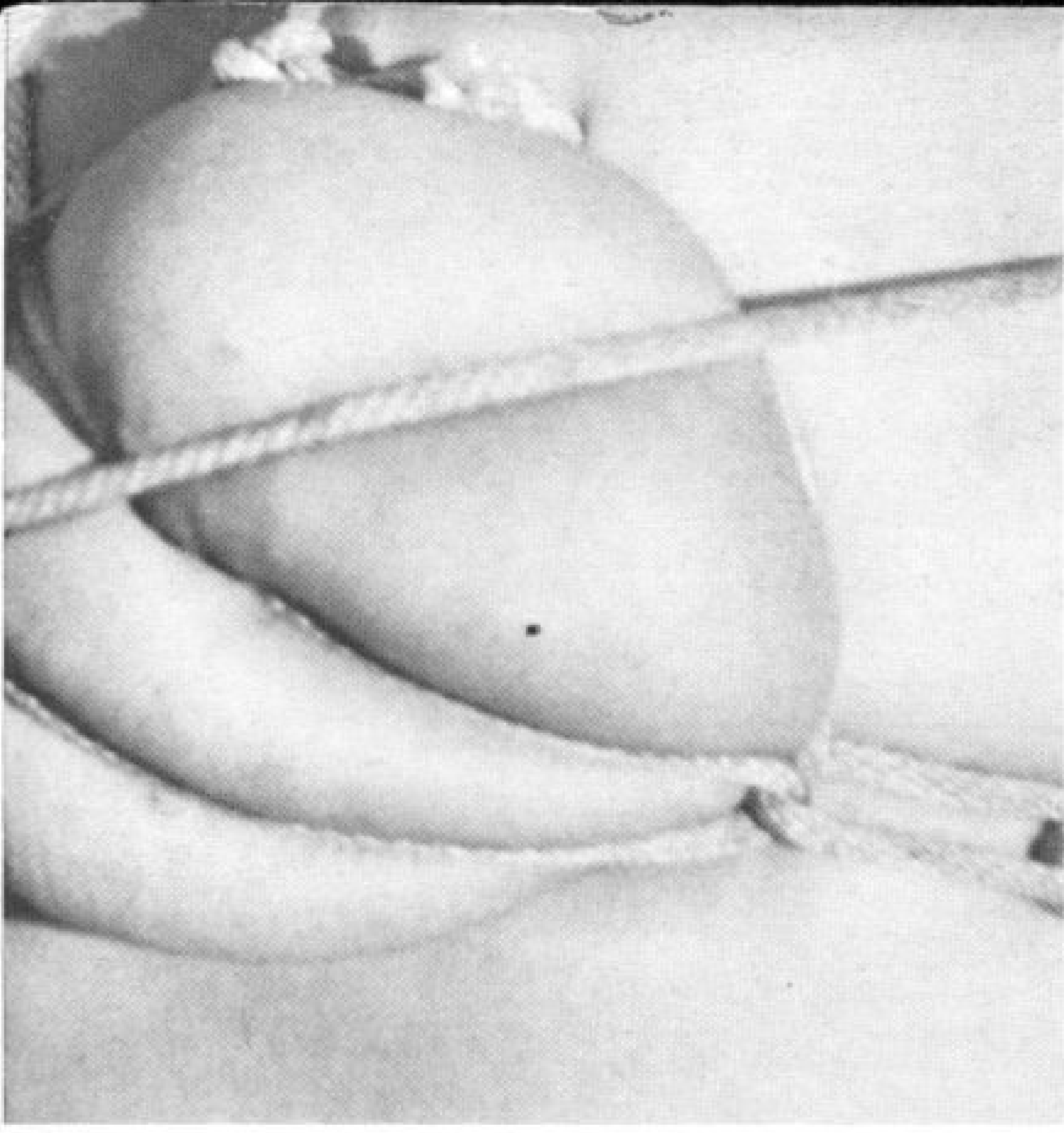
Why had she asked to be bound! It had seemed a natural and easy way to circumvent a contretemps. But was there more that that! Had her bizarre request been prompted by other than expediency! Patsy's tears dried upon her cheeks. She shifted tentatively. Her stained panties laughed up at her derisively as she remembered the pictures and the way she had felt as she perused the magazine. Though there was none to see she felt the blush spreading beyond her cheeks.

The sudden vision of erotic delight enabled her to make a fresh assessment. She would survive a day like this! If there were other days there would be other ways . . . When Mrs. Matheson came to check, neither woman spoke. She bound her in several different positions. Finally, she found a new one that she liked. She nodded satisfied and went away.

Patsy was very happy.






THIS
DO NOT STA



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